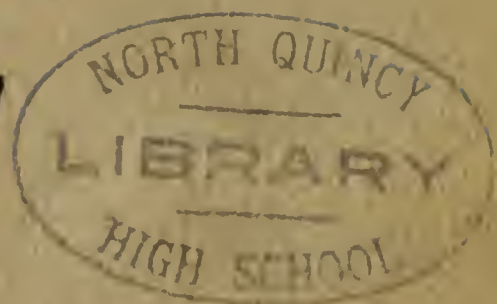


# MANIET



JUNE

1935





# NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

## DAY DIVISION

### SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Offers a broad program of college subjects, including selected occupational courses, the purpose of which is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

### SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

### SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL, ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, and INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING. Students select, at the beginning of the Sophomore year, the course in which they intend to specialize.

#### Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. The student earns a portion of his school expenses and forms business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

#### Degrees Awarded

The Bachelor of Science Degree is conferred upon all students who satisfactorily complete an approved course of study.

---

## EVENING DIVISION

(For Men and Women)

Providing complete courses of university grade in business and law, for high school graduates who find it necessary to work during the day, but wish to study for further advancement.

### SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Specializes in accounting and business administration under instructors actually engaged in the business that they teach.

Seventy-three per cent of graduates hold major executive positions in business. Outstandingly successful in C. P. A. examinations. School grants B. B. A. and M. B. A. degrees. Individual courses also available to special students.

### SCHOOL OF LAW

Four-year course.

LL.B. degree.

Graduates of this school eligible for the Bar Examination.

Case method of instruction similar to that in best day law schools.

A school of high standards adapted to the needs of employed men and women. Alumni outstandingly successful as lawyers, judges, business executives.

Graduates of North Quincy High School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions.

Catalogs or further information sent upon request.

**NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY**

**BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS**

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Elizabeth P. Abbott

"Betty"

25 Muirhead St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '35

C. Kenneth Allard

"Ken"

139 Elliot Ave., Montclair  
Glee Club, '33; Varsity Golf,  
'35; Class Play, '35; Reception  
Committee, '35; Traffic Squad,  
'33; Cafeteria Squad, '31, '35;  
Acting Captain and Manager  
of Hockey, '35; Senior Valen-  
tine Dance Committee, '35  
P. G.

Howard L. Abbott

"Howey"

39 Sachem St., Wollaston  
Track, '33, '35; Glee Club, '34;  
Traffic Squad, '33, '35; Cafe-  
teria Squad, '33, '35

Henry A. Allen

"Al"

27 Walker St., North Quincy  
Glee Club, '33; Band, '34, '35;  
Student Council, '33; Traffic  
Squad, '33  
Steel Stamp Engraving Com-  
pany

Marion P. Acker

18 Warwick St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Manet  
Staff, '35; Traffic Squad, '33;  
Honor Roll, '31

Dolores K. Alvero

"Del"

79 Appleton St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '35  
Burroughs Commercial School

Ruth A. Agnew

52 Harriet Ave., Montclair  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35

George O. Anderson

"Oaty"

43 Green St., Wollaston  
Traffic Squad, '33, '34, '35

Elsie Alden

19 Myrtle St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Library  
Staff, '34, '35  
Dancing Teacher

Harold S. Archer

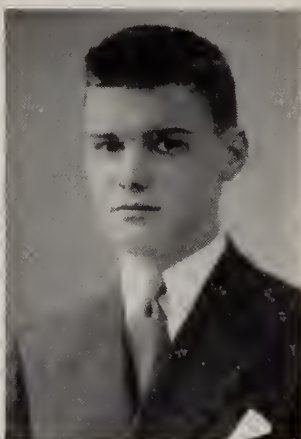
"Buster"

581 Wollaston Blvd., N. Quincy

Mildred L. Arion

"Millie"

334 Billings Road, Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Glee  
Club, '33, '34, '35; Class Play,  
'35; Class Day Committee, '35;  
Traffic Squad, '33  
Katherine Gibbs Secretarial  
School



Edward P. Bentley

20 Exeter St., Wollaston  
Secretary of Hi-Y Club, '33,  
'34, '35; Manet Staff, '35; Stu-  
dent Council, '35; Class Play  
Committee, '35; Reception  
Committee, '35; Traffic Squad,  
'35; Cafeteria Squad, '34; High  
Honor Roll, '33, '34, '35; Honor  
Roll, '33, '35  
M. I. T.

H. John Baldwin

"Apple"

80 Walnut St., North Quincy  
Band, '34



Wilfred E. Bettoney

"Pete"

160 Davis St., Wollaston  
Varsity Track, '34, '35; Manet  
Staff, '35; Traffic Squad, '34,  
'35; Cafeteria Squad, '34; Hon-  
or Roll, '35

Sidney C. Baumber

"Sid"

89 Faxon Road, North Quincy  
Traffic Squad, '34, '35



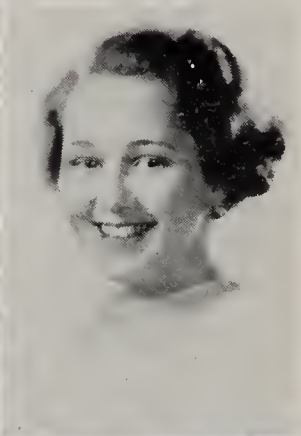
Virginia E. Black

"Ginny"

50 Willow St., Wollaston  
Varsity Basketball, '35; Girls  
Club, '33, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '35; Honor Roll, '33,  
'34, '35  
Bridgewater State Teachers  
College

Eunice E. Belyea

15 Arnold Road, North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Class Play  
Committee, '35; Ring Commit-  
tee, '35; Honor Roll, '34;  
Ticket Chairman for Benefit  
Concert, '35  
Bookkeeper, Boston Consoli-  
dated Gas Company



Elizabeth A. Blake

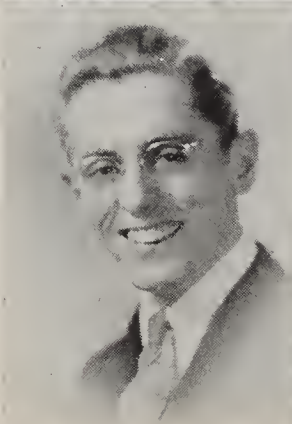
"Betty"

38 Buckingham Rd., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Library  
Staff, '33; Honor Roll, '33  
Bridgewater State Teachers  
College

David R. Bennison

"Benny"

54 Marion St., Brookline  
Orchestra, '33, '34; Band, '34,  
'35; Traffic Squad, '34, '35;  
Chairman of Class Gift Com-  
mittee, '35



John C. Blake

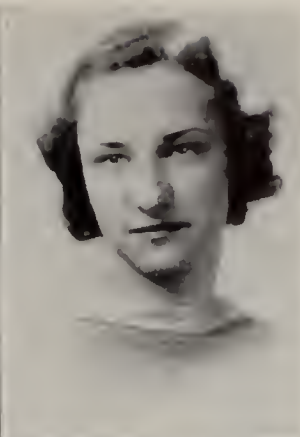
34 Sunrise Road, Squantum  
Traffic Squad, '33; Honor Roll,  
'33, '34, '35  
Harvard



Vanja A. Bloom

"Van"

43 Arlington St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Cafeteria  
Squad, '34, '35



Grace E. Burrows

68 Farrington St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '35; Varsity Soc-  
cer, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33,  
'34, '35

Elizabeth H. Brodie

"Libby"

644 Hancock St., Wollaston  
Fisher's Commercial School



Natalie G. Butler

"Nat"

86 Safford St., Wollaston  
Varsity Basketball, '33, '34,  
'35; Girls' Club, '33, '35; Var-  
sity Soccer, '34; Traffic Squad,  
'34, '35; Cafeteria Squad, '35;  
Secretary of Senior Class  
Faulkner Hospital

Elinor L. Bruce

"Dody"

11 Albany St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '35; High Honor  
Roll, '35; Honor Roll, '35  
Radcliffe



Richard E. Carlson

"Deacon"

267 Fayette St., Wollaston  
Hi-Y Club, '35; Glee Club, '33,  
'34, '35; High Honor Roll, '33;  
Honor Roll, '33, '34, '35; Oper-  
etta, '33, '35  
Harvard

Kathleen L. Buddenhagen

"Kay"

61 Webster St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Ring Com-  
mittee, '35; Vice-President of  
Class, '33, '34; Dues Commit-  
tee, '35



Gerard E. Carr

"Gerry"

31 Cummings Ave., No. Quincy  
Varsity Football, '33, '34, '35;  
Varsity Club, '35; Varsity  
Baseball, '33

Doris L. Bull

"Dot"

93 Billings St., North Quincy  
Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34, '35



John N. Carr

"Jack"

31 Cummings Ave., Wollaston

**Mary L. Carroll**

81 Edwin St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Traf-  
fic Squad, '33; Library Staff,  
'33  
Boston University

**Ethelyn Cochrane**

"Ecky"  
188 Belmont St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35  
Boston School of Occupational  
Therapy

**Anna M. Cashman**

"Cash"  
75 Russell St., North Quincy  
Varsity Basketball, '34, '35;  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Manet  
Staff, '33, '34; Reception Com-  
mittee, '35; Traffic Squad, '34,  
'35; President of Girls' Club,  
'35; Captain of Basketball  
Team, '35; Chairman of Valen-  
tine Dance, '35  
Simmons

**Kenneth Cody**

"Ken"  
25 Division St., Montclair  
Varsity Basketball, '33, '34, '35;  
Hi-Y Club, '34, '35; Varsity  
Club, '35; Varsity Golf, '33, '34,  
'35; Captain of Golf, '35; Pic-  
ture Committee, '35  
Bentley School of Accounting  
and Finance

**G. Ruth Channell**

"Ruthie"  
1 Exeter St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Manet  
Staff, '35; Typewriting Awards,  
20-40 words, '34, '35  
Simmons

**David N. Colligan**

"Dave"  
348 Hancock St., North Quincy  
Varsity Basketball, '33; Var-  
sity Track, '33; Student Coun-  
cil, '34, '35; Traffic Squad, '33,  
'34, '35; Cafeteria Squad, '33,  
'34, '35; Usher for Senior Re-  
ception and Graduation, '34;  
Varsity Follies, '34; Assembly  
Usher, '34, '35  
Weston College

**Marjory L. Clancy**

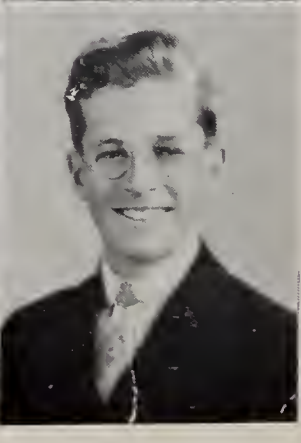
8 Montclair Ave., No. Quincy  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35

**W. Edward Cooke**

"Eddie"  
156 Pine St., Wollaston  
Hi-Y Club, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '33, '34  
Dartmouth

**Grover E. Clark**

64 Montclair Ave., No. Quincy  
Varsity Football, '34; Varsity  
Wrestling, '35; Varsity Club,  
'34; Varsity Baseball, '33, '34;  
Varsity Golf, '35; Class Day  
Committee, '35; Traffic Squad,  
'33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33,  
'34; Honor Roll, '33; Varsity  
Hockey, '34, '35

**Vincent J. Cragin**

"Vinny"  
33 Hollis Ave., Norfolk Downs  
Varsity Basketball Manager,  
'33, '34, '35; Hi-Y Club, '34,  
'35; Student Council, '35; Ath-  
letic Council, '33; Usher at  
Senior Reception, '34



Evelyn E. Creedon

"Ev"

52 Kendall St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '35; Library Staff,  
'33, '34, '35; Typewriting  
Awards, 40 words, '35



Roger A. Crown

"Swede"

79 N. Central Ave., Wollaston  
Varsity Wrestling, '33; Orches-  
tra, '33  
Massachusetts Nautical School



Bertha M. Cummings

12 So. Central Ave., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Manet  
Staff, '35; Traffic Squad, '34,  
'35  
Katherine Gibbs Secretarial  
School



Margaret A. Cummings

"Peggy"

70 Kendall St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '35; Honor Roll,  
'34, '35; Typewriting Awards,  
40 words, '35



Frances E. Curtis

"Franny"

118 Sagamore St., No. Quincy  
Manet Staff, '35; Honor Roll,  
'34, '35; Typewriting Awards,  
35, 40, 50 words, '34, '35  
Mary Pierce Secretarial  
School



Barbara H. Cushman

"Bobby"

270 Beach St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '35; Honor Roll,  
'33, '35; Typewriting Award,  
10 words, '35



Doris G. Dame

12 Bromfield St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Honor  
Roll, '35



Herbert C. Dame

"Herb"

42 Bromfield St., Wollaston  
Varsity Football, '33, '34, '35;  
Varsity Wrestling, '33; Traffic  
Squad, '33, '34, '35; Cafeteria  
Squad, '33, '34, '35



Edith M. Dartt

5 Lunt St., Norfolk Downs  
Girls' Club, '35; Shorthand  
Award, '34; Typewriting  
Awards, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40  
words, '34, '35



George E. Dawe

"Giddle"

76 Aberdeen Road, Squantum



Warren R. Delaney

97 So. Bayfield Rd., N. Quincy  
Varsity Track Manager, '35;  
Class Play, '35; Traffic Squad,  
'33, '34, '35; Library Staff, '33;  
Moving Picture Operators'  
Club, '33  
Boston College



Francis R. Dennison

"Red"

98 Glover Ave., North Quincy  
Class Play Committee, '35;  
Traffic Squad, '34, '35; Cafe-  
teria Squad, '33, '34



Louise E. dePourtalès

"Weesie"

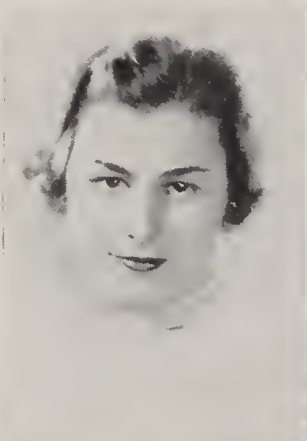
97 Cummings Ave., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Reception  
Committee, '35



Eleanor M. DeVries

"Nunnie"

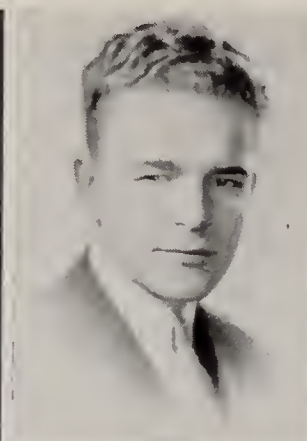
109 Hamden Circle, Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Stud-  
ent Council, '33, '34, '35; Sec-  
retary of Picture Committee,  
'35; Traffic Squad, '34, '35  
Simmons



Gertrude M. Donahue

"Gert"

6 Albion Road, Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35.  
Burroughs Commercial School



Andrew J. Dooley

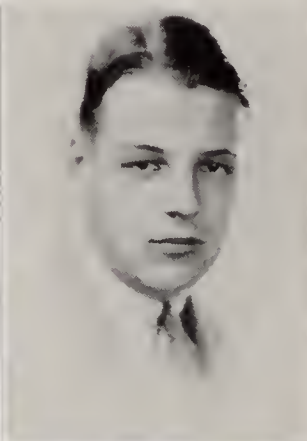
"Andy"

70 Hamden Circle, Wollaston  
Varsity Football, '33, '34, '35;  
Hi-Y Club, '34, '35; Varsity  
Club, '35; Manet Staff, '34;  
High Honor Roll, '33; Traffic  
Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria  
Squad, '34

Francis B. Dorn

"Rolo"

125 Beach St., Wollaston  
Varsity Soccer, '33; Traffic  
Squad, '35; Cafeteria Squad,  
'35; Honor Roll, '33, '34  
P. G.



John S. Dowling

129 Beale St., Wollaston  
Varsity Soccer, '34, '35



Margaret Downes

"Margie"

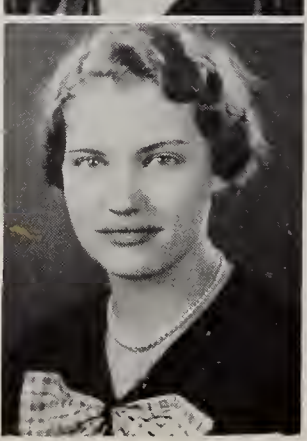
56 Winthrop St., Cambridge  
Honor Roll, '35  
Vesper George Art School



Margery H. Drew

"Marg"

60 Grand View Ave., Wollaston  
Glee Club, '33, '34, '35





Walter F. Drohan

12 Montclair Ave., No. Quincy



Philip W. Emery

"Phil"

35 Waterston Ave., Wollaston  
 Hi-Y Club, '34, '35; Glee Club,  
 '34; Class Day Committee, '35;  
 Ring Committee, '34; Cafe-  
 teria Squad, '35; Editor-in-  
 Chief of Reporters' Club, '34

Leon E. Dunbar

"Peewee"

148 Elliot Ave., Montclair

Varsity Golf, '33, '34, '35;  
 Class Play, '35; Reception  
 Committee, '35; Traffic Squad,  
 '33, '34, '35; Cafeteria Squad,  
 '33, '34, '35  
 P. G.



Mary A. Farrenkopf

82 Lawn Ave., Quincy Point  
 Library Staff, '33, '34, '35

Frank J. Dumlavy

190 Pine St., Wollaston

Orchestra, '33, '34; Band, '33,  
 '34; Traffic Squad, '34, '35  
 Northeastern University



James W. Fay

"Sonny"

255 Billings St., North Quincy  
 Varsity Football, '33, '34, '35;  
 Captain of Football, '35; Var-  
 sity Basketball, '33, '34, '35;  
 Hi-Y Club, '33, '34, '35; Var-  
 sity Club, '34, '35; Student  
 Council, '35; Varsity Baseball,  
 '33, '34, '35; Picture Commit-  
 tee, '35; Traffic Squad, '34, '35;  
 Cafeteria Squad, '34, '35; Ath-  
 letic Council, '34, '35  
 Boston College

Virginia D. Eddy

"Gimmy"

21 Clark St., North Quincy

Girls' Club, '34, '35; Glee Club,  
 '33; Orchestra, '33



Ruth M. Fell

192 Billings St., North Quincy  
 Girls' Club, '35; Glee Club, '33;  
 Class Play Committee, '35;  
 Traffic Squad, '34, '35; Cafe-  
 teria Squad, '33, '34, '35  
 Wilfred Academy of Beauty  
 Culture

Albert F. Edson

"Al"

281 Billings Road, Wollaston  
 Varsity Basketball, '33, '34,  
 '35; Hi-Y Club, '34, '35; Var-  
 sity Club Vice-President, '34,  
 '35; Student Council, '35; Var-  
 sity Soccer, '34, '35; Varsity  
 Baseball, '33, '34, '35; Recep-  
 tion Committee, '35; Class Day  
 Committee, '35; Ring Commit-  
 tee, '35; Picture Committee,  
 '35; Traffic Squad, '34, '35;  
 President of Senior Class



Mable J. Finch

"Mables"

42 Kendall St., North Quincy  
 Girls' Club, '35

Mary I. Fisher

70 Walnut St., North Quincy  
Honor Roll, '34, '35; Shorthand  
Award, '34; Typewriting  
Awards, 20, 35 words, '34, '35



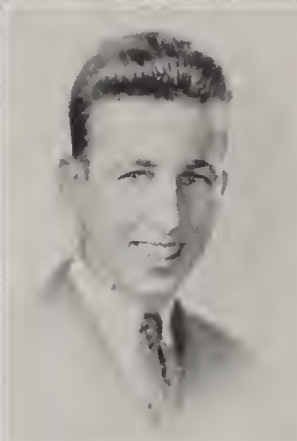
Helen Goode

101 Walker St., North Quincy  
Varsity Basketball, '33; Girls'  
Club, '33, '34, '35; Library  
Staff, '34

William R. Frye

"Bill"

34 Cheriton Road, Wollaston  
Orchestra, '33, '34, '35; High  
Honor Roll, '33, '34, '35; Honor  
Roll, '33, '34, '35  
Harvard



Victor H. Gookin

"Ras"

253 Billings St., North Quincy  
Varsity Track, '34; Honor Roll,  
'34

Charles L. Gerry

"Charlie"

38 Kendall St., North Quincy  
Varsity Basketball, '35; Var-  
sity Soccer, '34, '35; Varsity  
Baseball, '35; Class Play Com-  
mittee, '35; Honor Roll, '35



Richard E. Gorham

"Dick"

15 Franklin Ave., Wollaston  
Cafeteria Squad, '35

Alice A. Gerstel

"Allie"

241 Beach St., Wollaston  
Typewriting Award, 35 words,  
'35  
Simmons



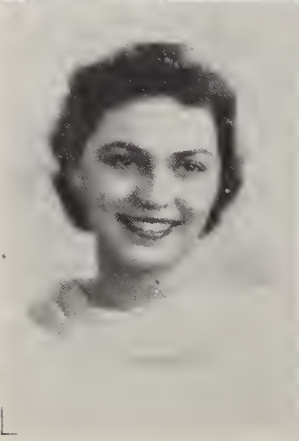
Margaret E. Gould

"Peggy"

119 Bromfield St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '33  
Chamberlain Business School

Anita I. Giardino

112 Ennett St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Class  
Play, '35; Class Day Commit-  
tee, '35  
Massachusetts General Hospi-  
tal



Edith C. Grayson

"Edie"

7 Hodges Ct., Norfolk Downs  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Operetta,  
'33



Winifred J. Griffin

"Winnie"

51 East Elm Ave., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '35; Traffic Squad,  
'33; Typewriting Award



Bettina L. Hayden

"Betty"

208 Billings St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '33, '35; Glee Club,  
'33, '34, '35; Orchestra, '33;  
High Honor Roll, '33, '34, '35;  
Honor Roll, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '34, '35; Cafeteria  
Squad, '33  
Bridgewater Teachers College

Barbara V. Hall

"Babs"

169 Vassall St., Wollaston  
Class Play Committee, '35;  
Honor Roll, '35; Typewriting  
Award, 40 words, '35



George L. Hill

21 Cheriton Road, Wollaston  
Hi-Y Club, '33, '34, '35; Stud-  
ent Council, '35; High Honor  
Roll, '33, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '34, '35; Cafeteria  
Squad, '34  
Bowdoin

Edward B. Hall

"Eddie"

50 Tirrell St., North Quincy  
Manet Staff, '33; Glee Club,  
'33, '34, '35; Orchestra, '33, '34,  
'35; Band, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '33, '34, '35; Cafeteria  
Squad, '33, '34, '35; Operetta,  
'33, '35; Honor Roll, '33  
Boston College



William E. Hill

"Bill"

248 Farrington St., Wollaston  
Manet Staff, '35; Glee Club,  
'35; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34,  
'35  
Wentworth Institute

George S. Hampton

"Ham"

57 No. Bayfield Rd., N. Quincy  
Varsity Track, '33, '34, '35;  
Class Play, '35; Reception  
Committee Chairman, '35;  
Traffic Squad, '34, '35; Cafe-  
teria Squad, '35; Letter for  
Track, '34



Eileen C. Homan

74 Faxon St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Honor  
Roll, '34

Reginald Harding

"Reggie"

83 No. Central Ave., Wollaston  
Hi-Y Club, '35; Traffic Squad,  
'33, '34; Honor Roll, '35  
Stockbridge School



Ethel L. Howell

"Billie"

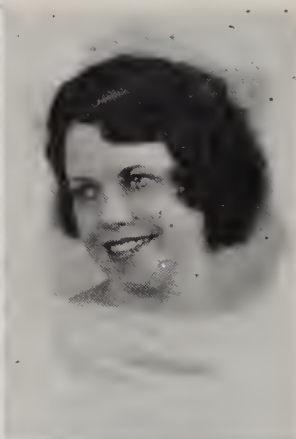
291 Newport Ave., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Manet  
Staff, '35

John F. Hyland

"Hy"

78 S. Bayfield Road, N. Quincy  
Varsity Track, '34, '35; Third  
Prize Medal in Octathlon;  
Cheer Leader, '35; Cross Coun-  
try, '35

Duke University



Ruth Jenness

"Ruthie"

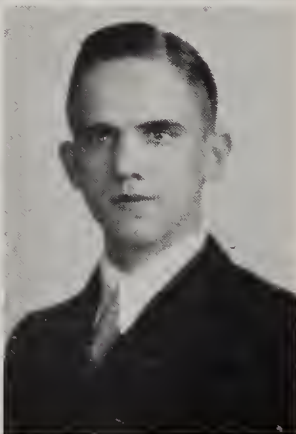
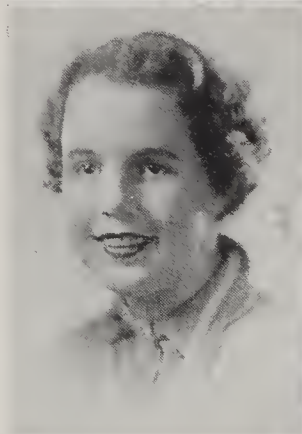
315 Fayette St., Wollaston

Varsity Basketball, '34, '35;  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Var-  
sity Soccer, '34; Varsity Base-  
ball, '33; Traffic Squad, '34;  
Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34, '35  
Burroughs Business School

Grace C. Jackson

92 Billings St., North Quincy  
Glee Club, '33, '34; Orchestra,  
'33, '34, '35; Cafeteria Squad,  
'33, '34, '35

Bridgewater State Teachers  
College



Vernon C. Jensen

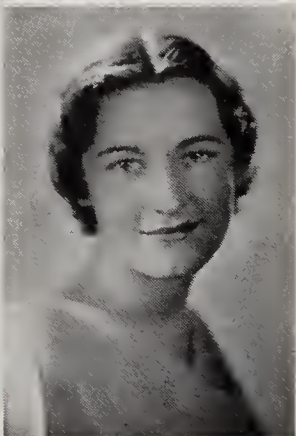
66 Randlett St., Wollaston

High Honor Roll, '33; Honor  
Roll, '33

Lillian James

"Lil"

7 Rawson Road, Nor. Downs  
Girls' Club, '33, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '33



Dorothy A. Jepsen

"Dottie"

204 Beale St., Wollaston

Girls' Club, '34, '35; Glee Club,  
'34, '35; Library Staff, '33, '34  
Faulkner Hospital

Charlotte L. Jay

"Chardy"

507 Hancock St., Wollaston

Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Cafe-  
teria Squad, '34, '35

Massachusetts School of Art



Charles A. Johnson

45 Hamilton Ave., Montclair

Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34

Woodworth Jenkins

"Jenk"

303 Beale St., Wollaston

Hi-Y Club, '34, '35; Orchestra,  
'33; Band, '33, '34; Reception  
Committee, '35; Traffic Squad,  
'33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33

Wentworth Institute



George Johnston

20 Canton Road, North Quincy

Varsity Football, '34; Varsity  
Wrestling co-Captain, '33, '34,  
'35; Varsity Club, '35



Edith A. Jones

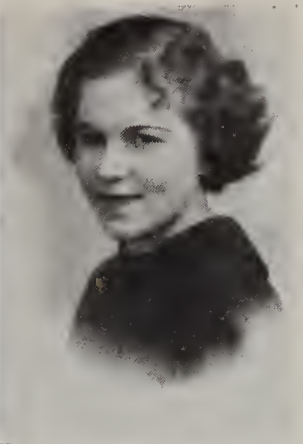
"Edie"

213 W. Squantum St., N. Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34, '35  
Bryant and Stratton



Caroline Knowles

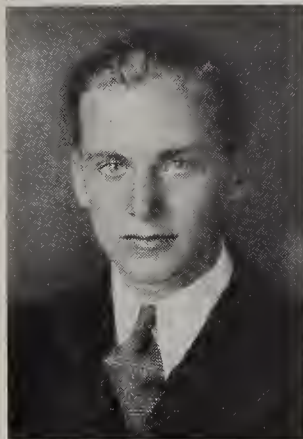
127 E. Squantum St., N. Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Orchestra,  
'33, '34; Honor Roll, '33, '34,  
'35; Typewriting Award, 40  
words, '35



Edward J. Keefe

"Eddie"

203 Farrington St., Wollaston



Edna M. Lahey

"Ed"

123 Piermont St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Honor  
Roll, '33



Alice J. Kelly

"Al"

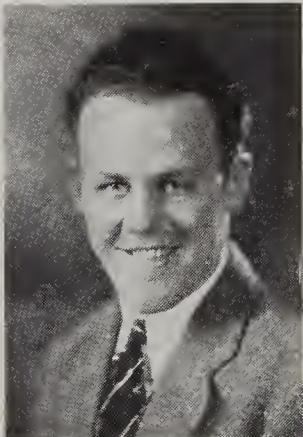
108 Davis St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '33; Shorthand Award,  
'34  
Burdett College



Paul A. LaHive

"Curly"

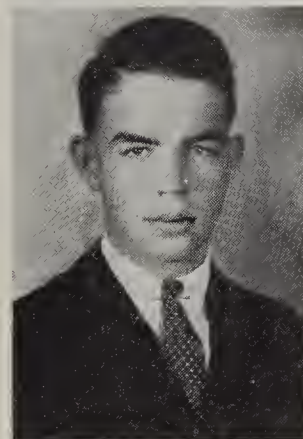
25 Old Colony Ave., Wollaston  
Varsity Football, '35; Varsity  
Club Secretary, '35; Manet  
Staff, '35; High Honor Roll,  
'35; Honor Roll, '35; Recep-  
tion Committee, '35; Class Day  
Committee Chairman, '35



Donald E. Kent

"Don"

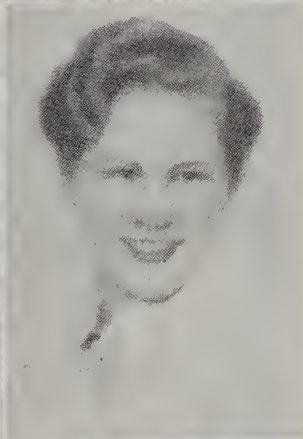
129 Hamden Circle, Wollaston  
Manet Staff, '35; Honor Roll,  
'35



Agnes W. Laing

72 Sachem St., Wollaston

Varsity Basketball, '35; Girls'  
Club, '33, '34, '35; Manet Staff,  
'35; Orchestra, '33; Class Day  
Committee, '35; Traffic Squad,  
'34, '35



Alice E. Knight

"Ousie"

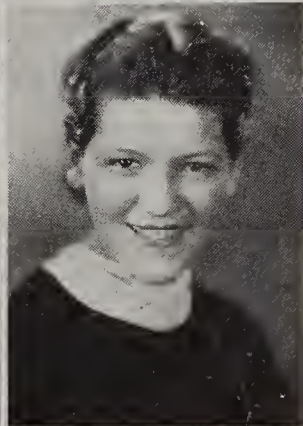
63 Dorchester St., Squantum  
Girls' Club, '35; Cheer Leader,  
'35; Honor Roll, '33, '35; Type-  
writing Awards, 40, 50 words,  
'34; Shorthand Award, '34



Bessie Lambros

"Bess"

338 E. Squantum St., N. Quincy  
Varsity Basketball, '34; Girls'  
Club, '35; Varsity Baseball, '33,  
'34  
P. G.



Jules C. Landry

"Bunny"

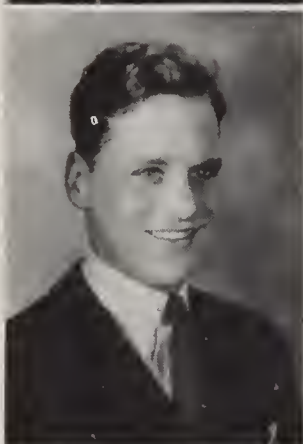
79 W. Squantum St., N. Quincy  
Traffic Squad, '33

Bernice E. Lyford

49 Ocean St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '33, '35; Manet  
Staff, '35; Glee Club, '33; High  
Honor Roll, '34; Honor Roll,  
'33, '35  
Wellesley College

Reginald R. W. Leith

"Reggie"

43 Billings St., North Quincy  
Hi-Y Club, '35; Varsity Club,  
'34; Varsity Club Treasurer,  
'35; Student Council, '34;  
Student Council President, '35;  
Varsity Soccer, '33; Varsity  
Baseball, '33; Class Play Stage  
Manager, '35; Reception Com-  
mittee, '35; Cafeteria Squad,  
'33, '34, '35; Letter, '33, '35;  
Varsity Follies, '34  
Lloyd Surveyor

Elizabeth M. Lyons

"Bette"  
33 Webster St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '35  
Burroughs Commercial School

Frederick A. Little

9 Granger St., Wollaston  
Varsity Track, '35; Orchestra,  
'33, '34, '35; Traffic Squad, '34

Marie J. MacBride

"Ree"  
47 Kendall St., North Quincy  
Varsity Basketball, '34; Girls'  
Club, '35

Rosemary Longridge

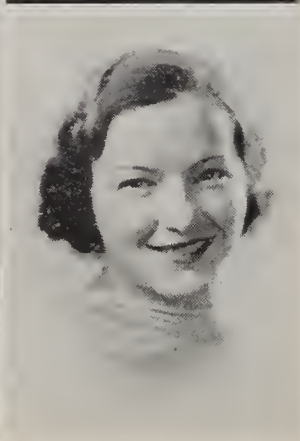
14 Cushing St., Wollaston  
Varsity Basketball, '33; Girls'  
Club, '33

John F. Martin

179 Atlantic St., North Quincy

Phillipa E. Lundstrum

"Phill"

17 Carle Road, Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '35; Honor Roll,  
'35

June B. Martin

"Judy"  
62 Henry St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Operetta,  
'33; Typewriting Award, 50  
words, '35



Marie A. Matarazo

50 Copley St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '33  
Forsythe Dental School



George V. Mathurin

"Mutt"  
189 Billings St., North Quincy  
Varsity Football, '33, '34, '35;  
Varsity Basketball, '33, '34, '35;  
Hi-Y Club, '34; Varsity Club,  
'34, '35; Varsity Baseball, '33,  
'34, '35; Cafeteria Squad, '34



Nancy L. Maw

"Nan"  
60 Holbrook Road, Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Manet  
Staff, '35; Traffic Squad, '34  
Vesper George School of Art



Harriett R. Maxwell

"Maxie"  
28 Glover Ave., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '35; Glee Club, '33



Dorothy M. McAnliffe

"Dotty"  
332 Billings Road, Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '33, '34, '35



George L. McAvoy

"Mac"  
33 Carle Road, Wollaston  
Varsity Football, '33, '34, '35;  
Varsity Track, '33; Orchestra,  
'33; Band, '33; Student Coun-  
cil, '34; Varsity Soccer, '33;  
Ring Committee, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '33; Letter for Football,  
'35; School Letter, '34; Class  
Gift Committee, '35; Cafeteria  
Squad, '33, '34



Helen J. McCarthy

21 Becket St., Montclair  
Girls' Club, '34  
Burroughs Commercial School



Rosemary A. McCauley

86 Alstead St., North Quincy  
Varsity Basketball, '35; Girls'  
Club, '33, '35; Reception Com-  
mittee, '35; Ring Committee,  
'34; Traffic Squad, '34, '35;  
Chairman of Decorations for  
Valentine Dance, '35; Type-  
writing Award, 40 words, '35



Dorothy A. McDevitt

"Dill"  
287 Billings St., North Quincy  
Varsity Basketball, '34; Girls'  
Club, '35; Reception Commit-  
tee, '35  
Nasson Institute



Eleanore M. McGuerty

"Billie"  
217 Newbury Ave., No. Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Glee Club,  
'33; Cafeteria Squad, '33; Li-  
brary Staff, '33, '34; School  
Letter, '33, '34

Barbara B. McLeod

17 Park St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Traf-  
fic Squad, '33  
Amy Sacker School of Design



George T. Moody

143 Elmwood Ave., Wollast  
Varsity Track, '35

Ralph A. McLeod

"Mac"

63 Billings St., North Quincy  
Varsity Football, '33, '34; Var-  
sity Basketball, '33, '34, '35;  
Varsity Club, '35; Varsity  
Baseball, '33, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '34, '35; Cafeteria  
Squad, '33, '34, '35  
Springfield College



Bethiah C. Morrill

"Betty"

10 Appleton St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Glee  
Club, '34; High Honor Roll, '33,  
'34; Honor Roll, '34, '35; Traf-  
fic Squad, '35; Cafeteria Squad,  
'33; Library Staff, '35

Rheta A. McMahon

31 Appleton St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '35; Picture Com-  
mittee, '35; Cheer Leader, '34  
Carney Hospital



William D. Morrison

"Bill"

100 Marlboro St., Wollaston  
Varsity Football, '34; Varsity  
Basketball, '34, '35; Varsity  
Track, '35; Hi-Y Club Treas-  
urer, '35; Varsity Club Presi-  
dent, '35; Student Council, '35;  
Varsity Soccer, '33; Varsity  
Baseball, '34; Traffic Squad,  
'34, '35; Cafeteria Squad, '35;  
Athletic Council, '35

Anna M. McNeice

"Toots"

339 Hancock St., North Quincy  
Glee Club, '33, '34, '35; Ring  
Committee, '34; Secretary of  
Reporters' Club, '33; Operetta,  
'33, '35; Typewriting Awards



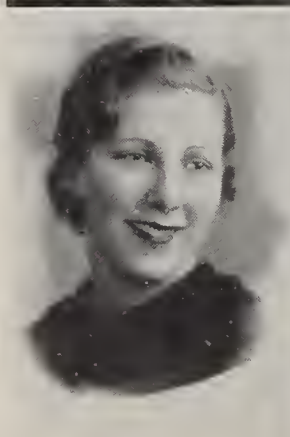
Dorothy A. Morse

"Dottie"

347 E. Squantum St., N. Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34, '35  
Graves School of Dress Design

Lucy P. Melanson

41 Ardell St., Montclair  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Glee Club,  
'33, '34  
W. T. Grant Company



William G. F. Mundie

"Bill"

212 Holbrook Road, Montclair  
Varsity Golf, '33, '34; Traffic  
Squad, '33, '34, '35; Cafeteria  
Squad, '33, '34, '35  
Massachusetts Sound School



**Charles F. Murphy**

"Charlie"

18 Newton Ave., Wollaston  
 Varsity Football, '33, '34; Hi-Y  
 Club, '34, '35; Varsity Club,  
 '35; Traffic Squad, '33, '34, '35;  
 Cafeteria Squad, '34

**Joseph R. Nolan**

"Joe"

51 Colby Road, Norfolk Downs  
 Varsity Football, '34, '35; Var-  
 sity Track, '35; Glee Club, '34;  
 Orchestra, '33, '34; Traffic  
 Squad, '34, '35; Honor Roll, '33  
 Boston University

**Dorothy C. Nash**

"Dot"

40 Ardell St., Montclair  
 Girls' Club, '34, '35; Manet  
 Staff, '35; Typewriting Award,  
 35 words, '35

**Dorothea E. Oberg**

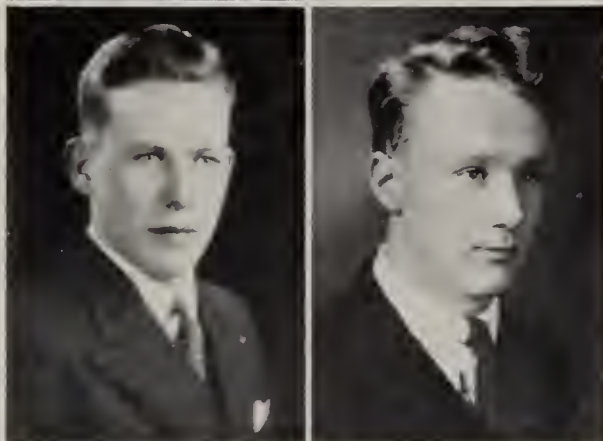
"Dot"

90 East Elm Ave., Wollaston  
 Varsity Basketball, '35; Girls'  
 Club, '34, '35; Class Play Com-  
 mittee, '35; Typewriting Award,  
 40 words, '35

**J. Albert Nelson**

"Al"

246 W. Squantum St., N. Quincy  
 Varsity Track, '33; Manet Staff,  
 '33; Orchestra, '33, '34, '35;  
 High Honor Roll, '33; Honor  
 Roll, '33; Varsity Golf, '33, '34;  
 Class Play Committee, '35;  
 Traffic Squad, '34, '35; N. E.  
 Festival, '34  
 Bentley School of Accounting

**George W. Orr**

"Fred"

39 Berlin St., Wollaston  
 Varsity Football, '34; Varsity  
 Wrestling, '34; Traffic Squad,  
 '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33

**John J. Nestor**

"Jack"

48 Kendall St., North Quincy

**Carolyn L. Osgood**

"Carle"

266 Farrington St., Wollaston  
 Girls' Club, '33; Glee Club, '33;  
 Operetta, '33; Honor Roll, '33,  
 '34, '35  
 Bridgewater State Teachers  
 College

**Helen T. Nix**

32 Windsor Road, No. Quincy  
 Girls' Club, '33  
 Boston Children's Hospital

**Evelyn F. Parsons**

"Evie"

35 Elm Ave., Wollaston  
 Girls' Club, '35; Glee Club, '33,  
 '34

Ralph W. Patten

"Pat"

105 S. Bayfield Road, N. Quincy  
 Varsity Wrestling Co-Captain,  
 '33, '34, '35; Varsity Club, '35;  
 Traffic Club, '33, '34, '35; Old  
 Colony League All-Star Wrest-  
 ling Team, '34



Kathryn M. Pitts

"Kay"

9 Birch St., North Quincy  
 Girls' Club, '34, '35; Library  
 Staff, '33, '34, '35; Honor Roll,  
 '33, '34

John C. Paulson

"Bud"

20 Flynt St., Norfolk Downs  
 Varsity Wrestling, '33, '34, '35;  
 Varsity Club, '35; Traffic  
 Squad, '34, '35; Honor Roll, '33



Mildred J. Pitts

11 Flynt St., North Quincy  
 Girls' Club, '35; Typewriting  
 Award, 35 words, '35  
 Burdett College

Ruth A. Pease

"Ruthie"

66 Bellevue Road, Squantum  
 Varsity Basketball, '33, '34;  
 Girls' Club, '35; Honor Roll,  
 '35  
 Maine University



Dorothy H. Plummer

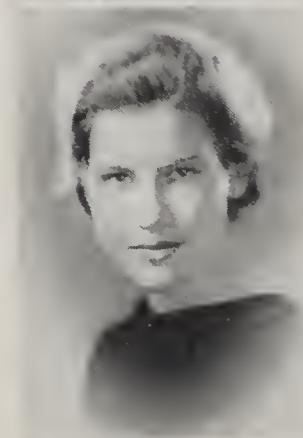
"Dot"

266 N. Central Ave., Wollaston  
 Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Manet  
 Staff, '35  
 Chandler Secretarial School

Hope N. Peterson

"Petie"

173 West Elm Ave., Wollaston  
 Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Glee  
 Club, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '35



Winnifred I. Pratt

"Winnie"

36 Division St., Montclair  
 Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Glee  
 Club Librarian, '33, '34  
 Burdett College

Irene A. Peterson

"Teenie"

32 Beckett St., Montclair  
 Girls' Club, '34, '35; Typewrit-  
 ing Award, '35



Mary M. Purpora

"May"

70 Young St., North Quincy  
 Girls' Club, '34, '35



Stephen R. Putnam

"Steve"

71 Webster St., North Quincy  
 Varsity Wrestling, '35; Student  
 Council, '35; Traffic Squad,  
 '35; Honor Roll, '33, '35  
 Tufts Engineering College



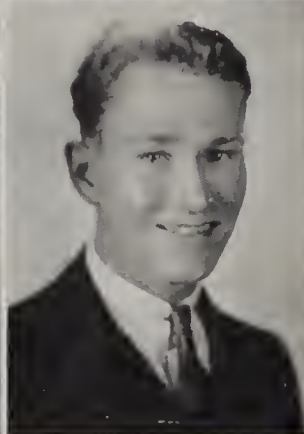
M. Louise Robbins

"Weezy"

275 Fayette St., Wollaston  
 Girls' Club, '34, '35  
 Remington Rand School

Ethel M. Redford

71 Glover Ave., Norfolk Downs  
 Girls' Club, '33; Glee Club, '33,  
 '34, '35; Honor Roll, '33, '34,  
 '35; Typewriting Award, 40  
 words, '31



Clarence L. Roberts

81 Glover Ave., Norfolk Downs  
 Varsity Football, '33, '34; Or-  
 chestra, '33, '34, '35; Honor  
 Roll, '35

George W. Reid

"Gigie"

35 Freeman St., North Quincy  
 Varsity Football, '34; Varsity  
 Soccer, '33; Traffic Squad, '33,  
 '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34



Joseph P. Rogers

"Joe"

36 Vane St., North Quincy  
 Varsity Football, '33, '34; Var-  
 sity Basketball, '33, '34; Var-  
 sity Club, '35; Varsity Base-  
 ball, '33; Class Play Committee,  
 '35; Traffic Squad, '33; Honor  
 Roll, '33, '34; School Letters,  
 '33, '34

Ralph A. Richardson

"Richie"

85 Davis St., Wollaston  
 Varsity Track, '33, '34, '35;  
 Traffic Squad, '35; Student  
 Council, '35



Harold R. Rolfe

"Rollie"

42 Kendall St., North Quincy  
 Cafeteria Squad, '34

Ruth J. Riley

"Ruthie"

11 Bellevue Road, Squantum  
 Girls' Club, '35



Nicholas Rucky

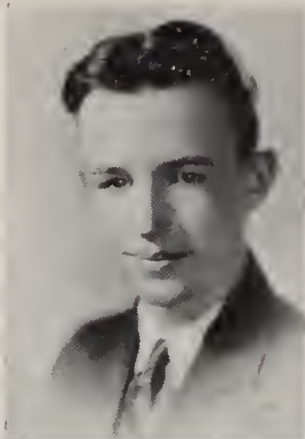
"Nick"

10 Ridgeway St., Wollaston  
 Varsity Football, '35; Hi-Y  
 Club, '35; Varsity Club, '35;  
 Varsity Soccer, '33; Varsity  
 Baseball, '33, '35; Traffic  
 Squad, '34, '35; Cafeteria  
 Squad, '34; Hockey, '34, '35

James F. Rumrill

"Rummy"

111 Hamden Circle, Wollaston  
 Manet Staff, '35; Varsity Soccer, '33, '34; Class Play Committee, '35



Gladys E. Simpson

"Giggles"

115 Safford St., Wollaston  
 Girls' Club, '34, '35; Class Play Committee, '35  
 Burroughs Commercial School



Richard V. Sawyer

"Rit"

41 Ellington Road, Wollaston  
 Varsity Track, '34, '35; Hi-Y Club, '34; President of Hi-Y Club, '35; Glee Club, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '34, '35; Cheer Leader, '34, '35  
 Boston University



Mary T. Sisson

Mary "T"

161 Beach St., Wollaston  
 Girls' Club, '34, '35; High Honor Roll, '35; Class Play Committee, '35

Lorenz C. Schroth

95 Montclair Ave., Montclair  
 Student Council, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '34; Traffic Squad Captain, '35; Cafeteria Squad, '35; Honor Roll, '35



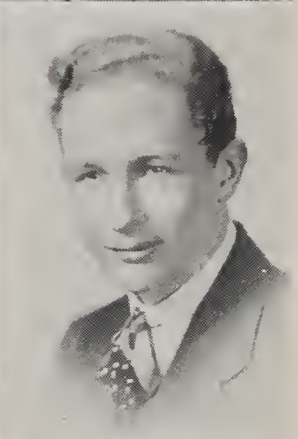
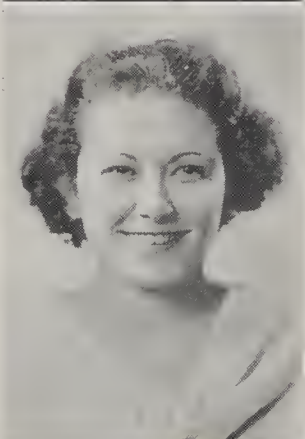
Gardner Sletten

24 French St., North Quincy  
 Traffic Squad, '33, '35; Honor Roll, '35  
 Lehigh University

Elizabeth R. Seavey

"Betty"

74 Billings St., North Quincy  
 Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Manet Staff, '34, '35; Class Play, '35; Reception Committee, '35; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '35; Library Staff, '33, '34, '35; Honor Roll, '33, '34



Richard D. Small

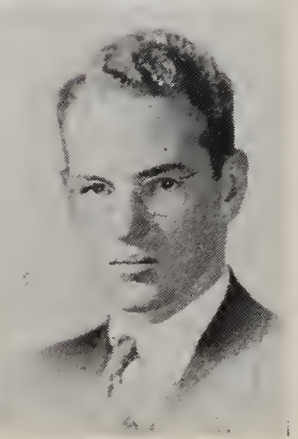
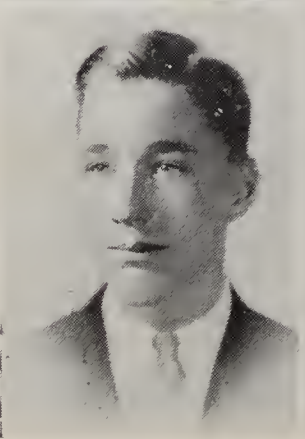
"Tud"

84 Brook St., Wollaston

William M. Shaw

"Bill"

305 Safford St., Wollaston  
 Class Day Committee, '35; Traffic Squad, '33  
 Northeastern University



Lothrop Smith

"Ras"

91 Hamilton St., Wollaston  
 Varsity Track, '33, '34; Varsity Wrestling, '33, '34, '35; Honor Roll, '35  
 Northeastern University



Matthew F. Smith

27 W. Squantum St., N. Quincy



Gilbert A. Syme

"Shorty"

43 Birch St., North Quincy  
Orchestra, '33, '34; Band, '34, '35; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '35



Albert H. Soderberg

"Pal"

47 N. Bayfield Road, N. Quincy  
Varsity Track, '33; Glee Club, '33, '34, '35; Band, '34, '35; Traffic Squad, '34, '35; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34, '35



Walter L. Thissell

"Walla"

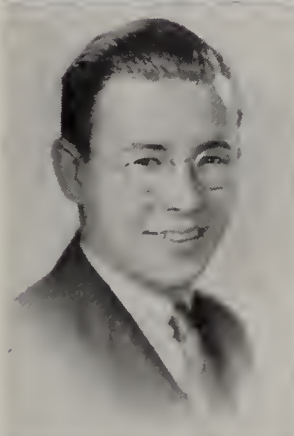
104 Franklin Ave., Wollaston  
Ring Committee, '34, '35;  
Traffic Squad, '33, '34



Howard A. Spurr

"Ras"

21 Newbury Ave., No. Quincy  
Varsity Track, '34, '35; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34  
Northeastern University



Miriam Thomas

111 Brook St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club '34, '35; High Honor Roll, '35; Honor Roll, '34; Traffic Squad, '33; Girls' Club Play, '35  
Bridgewater State Teachers' College



Arthur W. Starratt

"Art"

77 S. Bayfield Road, N. Quincy  
Varsity Basketball, '33; Hi-Y Club, '34, '35; Manet Staff, '35; Glee Club, '34, '35; Class Play, '35; Chairman of Ring Committee, '35; Traffic Squad, '34, '35  
Tufts College



Webster Tileston

"Web"

45 Williams St., North Quincy  
Student Council, '35; Traffic Squad, '34, '35; Honor Roll, '34  
M. I. T.



Ruth Strasburg

"Ruthie"

101 Sachem St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '35; Girls' Club Play, '35  
Hickox Secretarial School



Ruth M. Todd

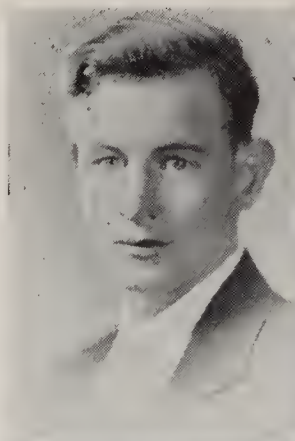
"Ruthie"

51 Ellington Road, Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '35; Typewriting Award, 35 words, '35



Leigh B. Trop

4 Price St., North Quincy  
Massachusetts Radio School



Fred J. Walker

18 Hummock Road, N. Quincy  
Varsity Basketball, '33, '34;  
Varsity Baseball, '35  
Boston University

Margaret V. Tyler

"Peggy"

134 Waterston Ave., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '35



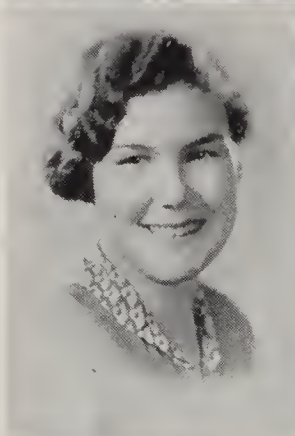
M. Agnes Walker

6 Ferndale Road, Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Manet  
Staff, '34, '35; Student Council,  
'33, '34, '35; Traffic Squad, '34,  
'35; Honor Roll, '33, '34, '35;  
Typewriting Award, '35; Class  
Vice-President, '34, '35; Class  
Secretary, '33

Helen M. Vandeleur

"Van"

221 Hollis Ave., North Quincy  
Girls' Club President, '33; Girls'  
Club, '34, '35; Manet Staff, '33,  
'34, '35; Drum Major, '34, '35;  
Class Play, '35; Class Day  
Committee, '35; Traffic Squad,  
'34, '35; Cafeteria Squad, '33



Elizabeth Wallace

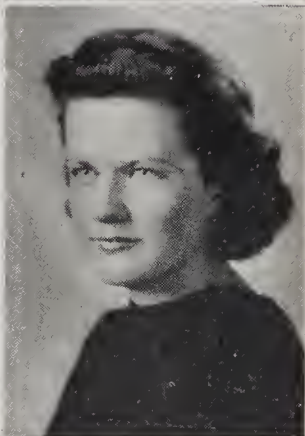
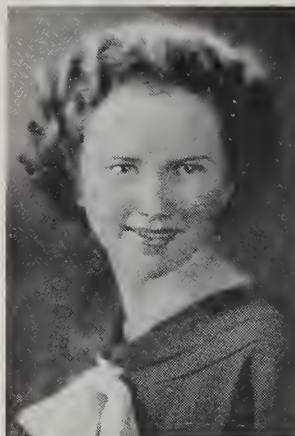
"Betty"

66 Tyler St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Manet  
Staff, '35; Class Play Commit-  
tee, '35; Honor Roll, '35; Girls'  
Club Play, '35

Lillian G. Waal

"Lil"

49 Harriet Ave., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '33, '34; Typewrit-  
ing Awards, '35



Priscilla Wallace

"Pat"

66 Tyler St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33, '34, '35; Class  
Play, '35

Charles E. Walker

"Teddy"

60 Vane St., Wollaston  
Varsity Golf, '34; Traffic  
Squad, '33; Hockey, '35  
Fore River Shipyard



Elizabeth M. Walsh

"Betty"

38 Pope St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Traffic  
Squad, '33  
Burroughs Commercial School



**Robert F. Walsh**

"Bub"

22 Albion Road, Wollaston

Varsity Soccer, '33, '34; Varsity Baseball Manager, '33, '34, '35; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34, '35

**Russell L. Williams**

"Russ"

42 Elm Ave., Wollaston

Varsity Track, '34, '35; Hi-Y Club, '35; Manet Staff, '35; Varsity Soccer, '35; Class Day Committee, '35  
Northeastern University**Arthur C. Wesley**

"Art"

56 Exeter St., Wollaston

Band, '33, '34; Traffic Squad, '35; Honor Roll, '33, '34, '35

**Arthur G. Winnett**

"Hey Art"

149 Harriet Ave., Montclair

Manet Staff, '33, '34; Class Play Committee, '35; Traffic Squad, '34, '35; Cafeteria Squad, '34; Honor Roll, '33, '34

Worcester Polytechnic Institute

**Hillavi I. West**

241 Newport Ave., Wollaston

Girls' Club, '35; Honor Roll, '33, '34; Typewriting Award, 40 words, '35

**Henry T. Wirth**

"Harry"

216 Belmont St., Wollaston

Varsity Track, '33, '34, '35; Varsity Track Captain, '35; Varsity Wrestling, '35; Second Octathlon

**Elizabeth H. Wilcox**

30 Randlett St., Wollaston

Girls' Club, '35; Orchestra, '33, '34, '35; Cafeteria Squad, '33

**Elsie O. Young**

"Minno"

157 Standish Road, Squantum

Varsity Basketball, '33, '34, '35; Girls' Club, '35; Traffic Squad, '35; Honor Roll, '33, '34, '35  
Boston University College of Liberal Arts**Edward B. Willard**

"Ed"

17 Cheriton Road, Wollaston  
Massachusetts State College**Walter W. Young**

"Wally"

211 Holbrook Road, Montclair

Hi-Y Club, '34, '35; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '34, '35; Hockey, '34, '35

## Catherine M. Zottoli

"Kay"

43 Sagamore Ave., Montclair  
 Girls' Club, '33, '35; Manet Staff, '33, '34, '35; Glee Club, '33, '34; Orchestra, '33, '34; Class Play, '35; Reception Committee, '35; Traffic Squad, '35; Library Staff, '35; Athletic Council, '35  
 Simmons



## Edith M. Zottoli

"Edie"

30 Ardell St., Montclair  
 Girls' Club, '35; Manet Staff, '33, '35; Glee Club, '33; Designer of Girls' Club Pin, '35; Girls' Club Play, '35  
 Dramatic Art School

## Marion L. Baker

"Rian"

259 Newbury Ave., No. Quincy  
 Typewriting Awards, '35

## Bancroft L. Bryant

"Banky"

86 Davis St., Wollaston  
 Traffic Squad, '33; Honor Roll, '33

## George A. Emmitt

"Jack"

159 Arlington St., Wollaston

## Hollis S. Batchelder

"Nellie"

68 Kendall St., North Quincy  
 Varsity Soccer, '35

## Ruth Butler

"Ruthie"

45 Conant Road, No. Quincy  
 Typewriting Award, '35

## Roy E. Ericson

"Eric"

182 Elliot Ave., Montclair  
 Traffic Squad, '34; Cafeteria Squad, '34

## Richard M. Batchelder

"Dick"

68 Kendall St., North Quincy  
 Varsity Wrestling, '33; Traffic Squad, '33, '34; Honor Roll, '35

## Harriett F. Cleary

"Happy"

89 Glover Ave., North Quincy  
 Glee Club, '33; Library Staff, '35

## Robert G. Fraser

235 Billings Road, Wollaston  
 Band, '35

## John F. Begley

"Johnnie"

52 Hamilton Ave., Montclair  
 Varsity Wrestling, '33, '34

## John R. Connors

115 Billings Road, Nor. Downs  
 Varsity Wrestling, '33, '34

## Helen A. Gagas

21 Quincy Shore Drive, North Quincy  
 Girls' Club, '34, '35

## Warren E. Bennett

53 Marshall St., North Quincy

## William G. Crosman

"Bill"

19 Canton Road, No. Quincy  
 Band, '34, '35; Traffic Squad, '35; Honor Roll, '34

## Marion J. Gifford

"Jan"

94 Faxon Road, North Quincy  
 Girls' Club, '35; Honor Roll, '33, '34; Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School

## Vincent K. Berberan

"Dud"

38 Colby Road, North Quincy  
 Varsity Wrestling Manager, '35

## James Crowley

"Jimmie"

26 Cheriton Road, Wollaston  
 Varsity Soccer, '35; Hockey, '34, '35

## James C. Gillis

"Spinach"

36 Brunswick St., Squantum

## Dorothy B. Bergeron

"Dot"

47 Freeman St., Wollaston  
 Girls' Club, '35

## Edward J. Griffin

57 Pope St., Montclair

## Dorothea L. Bersig

"Dottie"

100 Faxon Road, North Quincy  
 Girls' Club, '35; Glee Club, '33

## Salvatore DiCarlo

"Sully"

11 Clark St., North Quincy  
 Varsity Baseball, '35

## Charles S. Hirtle

31 Calumet St., Wollaston  
 Varsity Football, '35

## Paul H. Bostwick

59 Sharon Road, North Quincy  
 Varsity Golf, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '35

## Kenneth A. Edson

"Red"

281 Billings Road, Wollaston  
 Picture Committee, '35; Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria Squad, '33

## Mary T. Holt

"Toots"

90 Glover Ave., Wollaston



## Richard Baumber, official in Fitchburg District Court

ASHBY — Richard A. Baumber, 36, of Ashby, first assistant clerk magistrate of Fitchburg District Court, died at home yesterday after a long illness.

Born in Quincy, he was a graduate of North Quincy High School, Northeastern University and Suffolk Law School in 1974.

He had a law practice in Fitchburg. He was a member of Aurora Masonic Lodge and Rotary Club, both of Fitchburg, chairman of the zoning board of appeals in Ashby and had coached Little League.

He is survived by his wife, Joan E. (Pearson) Baumber; a son, Mathew T. Baumber, and three daughters, Jennifer L. Baumber, Kate E. Baumber and Amanda C. Baumber, all of Ashby; and his parents, Sidney C. and Elizabeth (Fletcher) Baumber of Quincy.

A funeral service will be conducted at 2 p.m. Thursday in Ashby Congregational Church, Ashby Center. Burial will be in Glenwood Cemetery.

Arrangements are by Sawyer-Miller Funeral Home, 12 Brook St., Fitchburg. Visiting hours are omitted.

Donations may be made to the American Cancer Society, 1 Salem Square, Worcester.

1/3/84

will be the markets, and two of the best are in Ouagadougou and Bobodioulasso, also in Upper Volta. Pottery and calabashes, blankets and Bint el Sudan incense powder — all sorts of things — are sold at the market.

Shops and market stalls throughout West Africa sell beautiful cotton fabric in six-yard lengths, each known as a pagne. One of my favorite designs, called Jealousy, shows guinea hens facing off. Other pagnes honor everything from national leaders to soccer and wrestling (very popular sport in Senegal and Niger).

A word here about bargaining. It is expected. Just keep a sense of liveliness and good cheer about the transaction. Once you start, you'll be expected to continue to agreement.

In Bobodioulasso we were guided through the old mosque by several eager boys. The building bears the typical ostrich egg on one pinnacle (to signal from afar that it is a mosque). But this mosque, according to our young guides, bears the distinction of having been visited in the 19th century by Samoury, a figure in regional history both admired for resisting French colonialism and explored as a slaver. The view from the roof was marvelous, and our shoes were waiting for us at the end, as the guides had assured us.

The national museum in Niamey is considered one of the best of its type in the world. All the kinds of housing found in Niger are there to be walked through. As soon as I



**Stanley G. Irwin**

103 Faxon Road, Nor. Downs

**Grayce J. Johnson**

"Johnnie"

312 Fayette St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Glee Club,  
'33, '34; Library Staff, '33;  
Simm's Nursing School

**William H. King**

139 Fayette St., Wollaston  
Orchestra, '33  
M. I. T.

**Joseph I. Lamb**

99 Elmwood Ave., Wollaston  
Traffic Squad, '35; Cafeteria  
Squad, '34

**Leo J. Lamb**

"Sparky"  
155 East Squantum St., North  
Quincy

**William E. Langton**

"Bill"  
53 Pope St., Montclair

**Lillian Lewis**

107 Holmes St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34, '35; Glee Club,  
'33

**David H. Macomber**

"Dave"  
66 Crabtree Road, Squantum  
Bowdoin College

**Donald Macomber**

"Mack"  
66 Crabtree Road, Squantum  
Massachusetts Nautical Train-  
ing School

**George C. Mariner**

31 Berlin St., Wollaston  
Band, '34; Class Play Commit-  
tee, '35

**John H. Marsh**

145 Hamilton Ave., Montclair  
Traffic Squad, '33; Cafeteria  
Squad, '33, '34

**Donald McKinlay**

"Don"  
8 Pope St., North Quincy  
Varsity Track, '33; Varsity  
Wrestling, '35; Varsity Club,  
'34, '35; Varsity Soccer, '34;  
Varsity Soccer Captain, '35;  
Traffic Squad, '34, '35

**Samuel C. Miller**

238 Wilson Ave., Wollaston  
Traffic Squad, '33, '34, '35;  
Cafeteria Squad, '33, '34, '35;  
Honor Roll, '35

**Earl P. Morse**

"Morsey"  
14 Ruthven St., Montclair  
Northeastern University

**Mary A. Mullaney**

160 Farrington St., Wollaston  
Girls' Club, '33

**Joseph J. Murphy**

"Chappie"  
161 Fayette St., Wollaston  
P. G.

**George M. Neilson**

"Swede"  
130 Safford St., Wollaston  
Varsity Golf, '33; Traffic  
Squad, '33, '34; Cafeteria  
Squad, '33  
U. S. Coast Guard School

**Evelyn H. Nohle**

"Evie"  
8 Price St., North Quincy  
Burroughs Commercial School

**Charles A. O'Neil**

"Charlie"  
238 Farrington St., Wollaston  
Cafeteria Squad, '35

**Richard E. Palmer**

"Dick"  
74 Kendall St., North Quincy  
Traffic Squad, '34; Honor Roll,  
'33

**Pearl E. Perry**

5 Oliver St., North Quincy  
Typewriting Awards, 20, 25, 30  
words, '35; Honor Roll, '33, '34;  
Katherine Gibbs Secretarial  
School

**Walter B. Powell**

53 Walker St., North Quincy  
Cafeteria Squad, '34, '35

**Frances Reed**

"Frankie"  
72 Glover Ave., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '34

**Edmund S. Reeves**

"Ted"  
64 Waterston Ave., Wollaston  
Class Play, '35  
Mass. College of Pharmacy

**Mary Riley**

30 Clive St., North Quincy  
Girls' Club, '35

**Barbara Ross**

"Bobbie"  
63 Division St., North Quincy

**James G. Shepherd**

"Jimmie"  
72 Hancock St., North Quincy

**Scott Smeaton**

90 Wilson Ave., Wollaston  
Varsity Track, '35; Varsity  
Soccer, '35

**Harold S. Snyder**

"Harry"  
7 Blake St., Wollaston

**Eleanor G. Tilton**

18 Ruthven St., Montclair  
Remington Rand Bus. School

**Helen E. Todd**

"Toddy"  
30 Gladstone St., Squantum  
Burroughs Commercial School

**Henry B. Williams**

98 Billings St., North Quincy





PICTURE OF C

### FIRST ROW

*Left to Right*

Cedric Garton  
 Archie Reilly  
 Robert Williams  
 Selden Becker  
 John Ewing  
 Sidney Feinstein  
 Gordon Dawber  
 George Beebe  
 Robert Simpson  
 William Dowling  
 Walter Berry  
 William Hampton  
 James Richmond  
 Frank Damon  
 Ralph Rosenblad  
 William Cameron  
 Victor Nelson  
 John Richards  
 Donald Agnew  
 Walter Wight  
 William Stanley  
 Norman Watson  
 Robert Scott  
 Kenneth Andersen  
 George Maw  
 Alfred Cowan  
 William Robertson  
 Robert Johnson  
 Howard MacDougall  
 Edward Jacobs  
 Warren Sharp  
 Joseph Larkin  
 Philip Navin  
 Ralph Melanson  
 Joseph Mason  
 Richard Crockett  
 Anders Ericson  
 Lawrence Morrisroe  
 Deane Phinney  
 Richard Shaughnessy  
 James Donovan  
 William Dunn  
 Edgar Chisholm  
 Charles Wilcox

### SECOND ROW

*Left to Right*

Warren Bruce  
 Robert Riddell

Carl Wicklund  
 John O'Hearn  
 Thomas Carr  
 Edward Cameron  
 John Mansfield  
 Eleanor Sonle  
 Georgina Newell  
 June DeLaney  
 Pearl Raiche  
 Clara Ward  
 Jane Egan  
 Barbara Keith  
 Helen Gilmartin  
 Helen Butts  
 Thelma DeLoid  
 Marion Zallen  
 Jeannette McNally  
 Gertrude Zallen  
 Helen Boyajian  
 Mary Kehoe  
 Doris Finney  
 Vivian Batstone  
 George A. Phillips,  
     Class Adviser  
 James Wells,  
     Class President  
 Janet Cheney,  
     Class Secretary  
 Margaret Henry,  
     Class Vice-President  
 James dePourtalis,  
     Class Treasurer  
 James S. Collins,  
     Headmaster

Elsie Dame  
 Ester DeAvellar  
 Winifred Becker  
 Florence Hayden  
 Margaret Green  
 Nancy Black  
 Margaret Iacomini  
 Frances Mamaty  
 Edith Perry  
 Agnes Burckhart  
 Hazel Gardner  
 Anita Maloney  
 Catherine Curtin  
 Charlotte Senter  
 Audrey O'Neill  
 Faith Eddy  
 Mary Quinn  
 Thomas Bucharr  
 David Osborne

Ralph Farrington  
 Donald Ross  
 George Christiansen  
 Richard DeBruyn

### THIRD ROW

*Left to Right*

George Reilly  
 Carl Killman  
 David Ramsey  
 Russell Hardy  
 Richard Borquist  
 Francis Foley  
 Charles Palmer  
 Donald Osborn  
 Paul Mnligan  
 Mildred Hagan  
 Mary Demais  
 Claire Theller  
 Doreen Patterson  
 Marie Jensen  
 Lillyian West  
 Bertha Emmitt  
 Mary Foley  
 Margaret Foley  
 Nancy Carnrick  
 Elaine Santer  
 Janice McGowan  
 Betty Lever  
 Elsie Rettig  
 June Terzie  
 Ethel McLanghlin  
 Evelyn Hall  
 Mary McLean  
 Dorothy Marshall  
 Rose Supple  
 Dorothy Riley  
 Norma Walsh  
 Marion Stone  
 Margaret Smith  
 Lilly Landfors  
 Barbara Porter  
 Jane Goode  
 Mary Ford  
 Mary Downes  
 Elsie Murray  
 Jean Owen  
 Alice McNamara  
 Alma Felton  
 Myral Rafkin  
 Constance Dennison

Margaret Fontaine  
 Shirley Wilson  
 Rita Melanson  
 Eunice Harris  
 William Mandell  
 Oril Smith  
 Richard Stevens  
 William Ryan  
 Thomas McGrath  
 Richard Hourahan  
 Michael Conroy  
 William Macomber  
 John Williamson  
 John Carleton

### FOURTH ROW

*Left to Right*

Hazel Rollock  
 Alice Young  
 Elizabeth Murray  
 Marion Griffin  
 Helen Godien  
 Dorothy Moran  
 Magdalene Winders  
 Marion Nestor  
 Helen Morin  
 Phyllis Atkinson  
 Edna Fowler  
 Ruth DeSelms  
 Gladys Gilbert  
 Frances O'Connor  
 Marjorie Readdy  
 Elizabeth Frawley  
 Evelyn Forrest  
 Helen Collins  
 Eleanor Flood  
 Pauline Allaby  
 Charlotte Gould  
 Doris Scott  
 Patricia Rupprecht  
 Violet Frazer  
 Olive Morrill  
 Dorothy Kelley  
 Joan Cross  
 Polly Porter  
 Marie McLean  
 Pauline Rooney  
 Lillian Richards  
 Alice Ball  
 Mary Atwood  
 Doris Small





S OF 1938

Mildred Knight  
Eleanor Kane  
Regina Rizzoni  
Phyllis Pierce  
Phyllis Foley  
Dorothea MacKenzie  
Anita Maxwell  
Dorothy Farmer  
Shirley Diem  
Charlotte Mandeville  
Jeanne Mattern  
Doris Williams  
Roslyn Mignault  
Barbara Lyman  
Doris McBride  
Norma Pierce  
Virginia Currier  
Barbara Geddes  
Mary McCabie  
Grace Joyce  
Patricia O'Neil  
Louise Oliver  
Mary Greaney

#### FIFTH ROW

*Left to Right*

James Murray  
Carl Williams  
Clifton Rogers  
Eugene Williams  
Robert Churchill  
David Dackers  
Walter MacDonald  
Willard Smith  
Charles Strang  
Paul Watson  
David Pitman  
Robert Lotti  
William Phinney  
James Purtell  
Lawrence Mayone  
Lee Van Gemert  
Ward Warner  
George Walsh  
Robert Nordin  
Ray Hall  
Frank Santosuasso  
Arthur Fredericksen  
B. L. Shalit

Alfred Nelson  
Nelson Merrill  
Robert Bliss  
Arthur Olive  
Edward Anderson  
Roscoe Hanigan  
John Campbell  
Herbert Proude  
Lawrence Craddock  
Carlyle Powell  
Peter Kelly  
Edwin Pleadwell  
Charles Nolan  
Richard Knowles  
Gerrit DeVries  
Richard Keene  
George Walker  
Stewart Turnbull  
Richard Aldrich  
George Shirley  
Gilbert Okerfelt  
Gordon Duncan  
Harry Johnson  
Joseph McShane  
William Mellish  
John Williams  
Edward Gartland, Jr.  
George Bray  
Ronald Darling  
Bicknell Hall  
Warren Goodie  
Edwin Hanson  
Carmon Elliott

#### SIXTH ROW

*Left to Right*

Victoria Caisse  
Mary Blinn  
Louise Tierney  
Adrienne Welsh  
Marie Sweeney  
Marion Tasker  
Myra Moore  
Barbara Munro  
Shyrl Finlay  
Hazel Hersey  
Ruth Oettinger  
Eleanor Forsyth  
Claire Germain  
Marie Gaudreau

June Sorterup  
Gladys Rowell  
Mary McGeoghan  
Marguerite Bunton  
Emma Palmer  
Margaret Nagler  
Elaine Hansen  
Lois Harney  
Marie McDonald  
Lorraine Giardino  
Mary Peloquin  
June Mullins  
Grace Crowdis  
Edith Hansen  
Thelma Andresen  
Eleanor Wetzler  
Alice McLaughlin  
Christine Frazer  
Dorothy Doane  
Ruth Anderson  
Saba Foster  
Elizabeth King  
Bernice Cavicchi  
Patricia Weden  
Ellen Oldham  
Helen Smith  
Jean Smith  
Dorothy Ryan  
Genevieve Hommel  
Edythe Bright  
Mary M. Fullerton  
Edith Anderson  
Margaret McClean  
Constance Stewart  
Ethel Marder  
Dorothy Schrader  
Kathryn Howe  
Marcella Somers  
Nora Daly  
Phyllis Cox  
Marion Cole  
Theresa Huggett  
Ann Finneran

#### SEVENTH ROW

*Left to Right*

John Stanley  
Donald Rogers  
David Jess

Paul Jepsen  
Paul Tupper  
Wendell Butterfield  
Ralph Bain  
Edward Schofield  
Walter Pendergast  
Vincent Mitchell  
Knox Ruggles  
Joseph Alberti  
Joseph McDermott  
Agnew Darragh  
Richard Assmus  
Frederick Fuller  
Robert Waters  
Frank Woodman  
Guy Leighton  
Robert Rich  
Edwin McCarron  
Harley Anderson  
William Pratt  
Peter Gill  
Gerard Devine  
John Kelley  
William Hanson  
Lawrence Mirick  
Homer Hathaway  
Robert Schworm  
Ernest Carlson  
Gerard Fennell  
Kenneth Henry  
Russell Poquett  
James Moody  
Paul Trask  
Robert Bolby  
Arthur Bilodeau  
Herbert Dewhurst  
Joseph O'Donnell  
Francis Mullen  
Leo Sullivan  
Paul Durup  
Earl Shaw  
Sidney Laurence  
Albert Wight  
Charles Hennessey  
William Leavitt  
Finn Hansen  
Leigh Harris  
Kenneth Fisher  
Peter Jenks  
Maurice Graves  
John Thorne  
Frederick Millett  
Roger Kent





## CLASS OF 1938

Mildred Knight  
Eleanor Kane  
Regina Rizzoni  
Phyllis Pierce  
Phyllis Foley  
Dorothea MacKenzie  
Anita Maxwell  
Dorothy Farmer  
Shirley Diem  
Charlotte Mandeville  
Jeanne Mattern  
Doris Williams  
Roslyn Mignault  
Barbara Lyman  
Doris McBride  
Norma Pierce  
Virginia Currier  
Barbara Geddes  
Mary McCabie  
Grace Joyce  
Patricia O'Neil  
Louise Oliver  
Mary Greaney

### FIFTH ROW

*Left to Right*

James Murray  
Carl Williams  
Clifton Rogers  
Eugene Williams  
Robert Churchill  
David Dackers  
Walter MacDonald  
Willard Smith  
Charles Strang  
Paul Watson  
David Pitman  
Robert Lotti  
William Phinney  
James Purtell  
Lawrence Mayone  
Lee Van Gemert  
Ward Warner  
George Walsh  
Robert Nordin  
Ray Hall  
Frank Santosnasso  
Arthur Fredericksen  
B. L. Shalit

Alfred Nelson  
Nelson Merrill  
Robert Bliss  
Arthur Olive  
Edward Anderson  
Roscoe Hanigan  
John Campbell  
Herbert Proude  
Lawrence Craddock  
Carlyle Powell  
Peter Kelly  
Edwin Pleadwell  
Charles Nolan  
Richard Knowles  
Gerrit DeVries  
Richard Keene  
George Walker  
Stewart Turnbull  
Richard Aldrich  
George Shirley  
Gilbert Okerfelt  
Gordon Duncan  
Harry Johnson  
Joseph McShane  
William Mellish  
John Williams  
Edward Gartland, Jr.  
George Bray  
Ronald Darling  
Bicknell Hall  
Warren Goodie  
Edwin Hanson  
Carmon Elliott

### SIXTH ROW

*Left to Right*

Victoria Caisse  
Mary Blinn  
Louise Tierney  
Adrienne Welsh  
Marie Sweeney  
Marion Tasker  
Myra Moore  
Barbara Munro  
Shyrl Finlay  
Hazel Hersey  
Ruth Oettinger  
Eleanor Forsyth  
Claire Germain  
Marie Gandrean

June Sorterup  
Gladys Rowell  
Mary McGeoghan  
Marguerite Bunton  
Emma Palmer  
Margaret Nagler  
Elaine Hansen  
Lois Harney  
Marie McDonald  
Lorraine Giardino  
Mary Peloquin  
June Mullins  
Grace Crowdis  
Edith Hansen  
Thelma Andresen  
Eleanor Wetzler  
Alice McLaughlin  
Christine Frazer  
Dorothy Doane  
Ruth Anderson  
Saba Foster  
Elizabeth King  
Bernice Cavicchi  
Patricia Weden  
Ellen Oldham  
Helen Smith  
Jean Smith  
Dorothy Ryan  
Genevieve Hommel  
Edythe Bright  
Mary M. Fullerton  
Edith Anderson  
Margaret McClean  
Constance Stewart  
Ethel Marder  
Dorothy Schrader  
Kathryn Howe  
Marcella Somers  
Nora Daly  
Phyllis Cox  
Marion Cole  
Theresa Huggett  
Ann Finneran

### SEVENTH ROW

*Left to Right*

John Stanley  
Donald Rogers  
David Jess

Paul Jepsen  
Paul Tupper  
Wendell Butterfield  
Ralph Bain  
Edward Schofield  
Walter Pendergast  
Vincent Mitchell  
Knox Ruggles  
Joseph Alberti  
Joseph McDermott  
Agnew Darragh  
Richard Assmus  
Frederick Fuller  
Robert Waters  
Frank Woodman  
Guy Leighton  
Robert Rich  
Edwin McCarron  
Harley Anderson  
William Pratt  
Peter Gill  
Gerard Devine  
John Kelley  
William Hanson  
Lawrence Mirick  
Homer Hathaway  
Robert Schworm  
Ernest Carlson  
Gerard Fennell  
Kenneth Henry  
Russell Poquett  
James Moody  
Paul Trask  
Robert Bolby  
Arthur Bilodeau  
Herbert Dewhurst  
Joseph O'Donnell  
Francis Mullen  
Leo Sullivan  
Paul Durup  
Earl Shaw  
Sidney Laurence  
Albert Wight  
Charles Hennessey  
William Leavitt  
Finn Hansen  
Leigh Harris  
Kenneth Fisher  
Peter Jenks  
Maurice Graves  
John Thorne  
Frederick Millett  
Roger Kent



## World of Worlds

ELISABETH OGILVIE, P. G.

My world's a brave world, full of wind and spray,  
Mysterious with star-filled nights and moon-light on the bay;  
It's loud with snapping canvas and the roaring sea and gale,  
And bright with sun and silvered waves and dazzling stretch of sail.

Sometimes it's full of loveliness that tightens up your chest—  
At sunset when the red-gold fire goes flaming through the west,  
And all the waves are scarlet-tipped and all the sea is gold—  
And in your soul a bugle blows, and turns you hot and cold.

And in the early morning when the east horizon glows  
Through mists that hang in shining strands, all palely pink and rose,  
And the sea is mauve and turquoise, and all the winds are low—  
There's no bugle but a bird's call you heard once long ago.

But it's midnight that's the grandest, with the stillness all about;  
You can only hear the water and your own heart beating out;  
But the wind sighs through the rigging and there's starlight everywhere—  
And your eyes are full of wonder and your soul is full of prayer.

## A Fortress of Yesterday

LORNA DRUMMOND, 10-3

Far across the cold bleak sea,  
In a land not known to you and me,  
There stood a castle where knights of old Fanciful tales to their loved ones told.  
A fortress that guarded the sea and land,  
And looked with sternness on every hand,  
Where stood the circle of eternity  
Placed by Druids who captured the free.  
A stronghold for robbers and thieves of the sea  
Who rode with their plunder o'er mountains and lea.

But now that castle has crumbled to decay,  
And the stones have gone to the floor of the bay

To build a fortress for Neptune, mayhap,  
Or to break the waves' snow foamed cap;  
But the castle has gone from man's wretched power

To stand in a mermaid's cool green bower,  
And there be protected as it had done  
The sea and the wind and the land of the sun.

## Fantasies at Home

LORNA DRUMMOND, 10-3

When it's tulip time in Holland  
And the wind gently blows  
The great arms of the windmills  
And the tulips in their rows;  
And the dull-red sun is sinking  
O'er the Zuider Zee,  
Then I long to be in Holland  
The Holland made by Thee.

But when heather blows in Scotland  
The pipers start to play  
And the lassies are a dancing  
Like the fishes in the bay;  
And the northern lights are twinkling  
O'er the purple moor,  
Then I want to be in Scotland  
In Scotland's charm and lure.

Yet when shamrocks cover Ireland  
And spring is in the air  
And the Blarney Stone is being kissed  
By people from everywhere;  
And the sapphire blue of Heaven  
Looks o'er the emerald greens,  
Then I long to be in Ireland  
The emerald painted scene.

But these are thoughts like fantasies  
That come and go like ships,  
Like the waves upon the shore  
That kiss the land's heedless lips.  
But when the dull-red sun is sinking  
O'er my mother land,  
Then I'd rather stay in England  
Than in any other land.

## Class Census

	Boy	Girl
MOST VIVACIOUS .....	William Mundie	Dorothy McDevitt
MOST CAPABLE .....	Russell Williams	Catherine Zottoli
MOST FRIENDLY .....	Ralph McLeod	M. Agnes Walker
MOST VERSATILE .....	Andrew Dooley	Anna Cashman
MOST CAREFREE .....	William Mundie	Rheta McMahon
MOST POPULAR .....	Albert Edson	M. Agnes Walker
MOST TALKATIVE .....	Albert Soderberg	Helen Vandeleur
BEST STUDENT .....	Edward Bentley	Bettina Hayden
BEST ATHLETE .....	G. Vernon Mathurin	Natalie Butler
BEST DRESSED .....	George Hampton	Elizabeth Blake
BEST DANCER .....	Walter Young	Dolores Alvero
BEST ALL-ROUND .....	William Morrison	Anna Cashman
BEST EXCUSE MAKER .....	Fred Walker	Charlotte Jay
BEST LOOKING .....	George Hampton	Louise dePourtalis
CLASS POET .....	Charles O'Neil	Elizabeth Wallace
CLASS PET .....	Robert Walsh	Priscilla Wallace
CLASS VAMP .....	Philip Emery	Ruth Pease
CLASS GIGILO .....	Reginald Leith	Anita Giardino
CLASS HEARTBREAKER .....	Reginald Leith	Elizabeth Abbott
CLASS DREAMER .....	George Orr	Barbara Cushman
CLASS GIGGLER .....	John Hyland	Carolyn Osgood
CLASS WARBLER .....	William Hill	Bettina Hayden
CLASS BROADCASTER .....	Albert Soderberg	Helen Vandeleur
CLASS ACTOR .....	Arthur Starratt	
CLASS ACTRESS .....		Catherine Zottoli
NEATEST .....	Kenneth Cody	Louise dePourtalis
NOISIEST .....	Robert Walsh	Marie MacBride
SMARTEST .....	George Hill	Bethiah Morrill
WITTIEST .....	George McAvoy	Marie MacBride



## 1935 Class Will

Friends of '35:

You have been called together at this time for the purpose of hearing the last will and testament having to do with the disposal of the worldly effects of the class of 1935, the second destined to leave the lofty portals of North Quincy High, never again to make dusty its doorstep. You realize that '35 has not yet departed from this vale of tears. We are informed, however, that it will meet a strange and awe-inspiring fate . . . its world is to end! Aye, our experts from the North Quincy Academy of Science under the supervision of that eminent chemist and physicist, Frank L. Bridges, have announced that the cataclysm will occur Tuesday evening, June eighteenth, at eight o'clock.

Do not steep yourselves in sorrow nor drown in a deluge of tears, for '35 is to be re-incarnated, not annihilated. She is to leave this world only to enter a different phase of existence. Compare it if you like to the metamorphosis of the cocoon into the butterfly. '35 is to emerge into a larger finer state of being.

The afore-mentioned scientists have told '35 that she will be unable to take material possessions on the long trek. She will leave equipped merely with such mental gems as she has been able to take unto herself in the last four years.

My client wishes to caution you that because of her extreme giddiness caused by thoughts of parting, she may have been mistaken in her inventory; but such as she thinks she has she gives to you, praying that you will not attribute her generosity merely to the fact that she will be unable to make use again of her possessions.

We, the Class of '35, being about to leave this sphere to roam in other if not greener pastures, in what we optimistically believe to be full possession of mind, memory, and understanding do make and publish this our last will and testament. We revoke and make void all former wills by us at any time and in no matter what compromising circumstances made.

As to such estate as it has pleased the Citizens' Committee, Fate, and our own fertile fancy to give us, we do dispose of the same as follows:

Item:

In all sincerity and with genuine affection we wish Mr. James S. Collins as great success in his management of North with the added burden of the new wing as he has had in his work with us. If at times we have caused him any trouble we console him with the thought that it must have added greatly to his experience.

Item:

Before drafting this document we inquired of Miss Crockett what she wished us to leave her. She replied that all she desired was that we leave her.

Item:

To Mr. Frank L. Bridges we leave a hypodermic for the purpose of injecting concentrated doses of College Physics into prospective seniors. He has always maintained that such a process is impossible, but nothing should daunt one equipped with sufficient courage to venture into 301 and delay opening exercises five whole minutes.

Item:

To Miss Roberta Webstersmith, to whose magnetic personality and general charm we attribute the fact that there is standing room only in 301 every night at 2.30, we promise that we will attend to breaking through the walls of three rooms in order that she may extend many more cordial invitations to "come up and see her sometime." We also donate a kitchen in order that her guests won't have to rush home in the dark only to return ere the crow of the cock at the crack of dawn.

Item:

To Mr. MacDonald we owe much. He has brought us honor and glory as well as contributing to our stock of knowledge. A good many of our girls, however, have given his wrestling squad plenty of practice, so we maintain that we can call it square.

Item:

To the Cafeteria we leave an over-supply of applesauce in order that future seniors may have their just desserts.

Item:

To Mr. West we do will and bequeath a bicycle, preferably built for two, in order that he may more efficiently accompany his disciples of Merenry.

Item:

To "Histrionic" John Hofferty we do will and bequeath a carton of what our great-grandfathers referred to as "coffin-nails," so that he may do something with the lighter the Play Cast gave him.

Item:

To the Student Council we do will and bequeath a Hand Book of instruction on "The Preparation and Editing of Hand Books." We, the Seniors, managed to limp along without the aid of these handy little volumes, but then some say we were made of sterner stuff.

Item:

To the present Junior Class we do give, in all solemnity and with torrents of tears, the epitome of student publications "The Manet." Guard it well, try to get copy in on time (we never did), and above all, remember to keep alive the full significance of the phrase "It Remains."

Item:

To the girls of the lower classes your Senior sisters pass on to you the privilege of inviting the Hi-Y, the athletic teams, and any other eligible males to all of your functions. We hope that you have better luck in guarding the refreshments than we did.

Item:

To Mr. Donahue and Mr. Rogers we leave the hope that our teams may play and defeat those of Brockton and show Quincy how real teams can play.

Item:

To Mr. Price we can give nothing but our whole-hearted thanks for having so faithfully served as Class Adviser.

Item:

We give to the Freshman Class the following advice, the acceptance of which will assure them of seats with the mighty: experience is the greatest teacher. Your teachers are fine,

but the experience is much more fun. Follow the straight and narrow. Be straight, but not too narrow. Look with awe upon Seniors. Do what you do carefully, with candor and caution. It may not always be fun, but think of '35 and be encouraged.

Item:

The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estates, already in the possession of the Junior Class, the right and lawful successors:

1st:

Whatever Senior privileges we ever possessed we give to you. We never could see them but perhaps your vision is better.

2nd:

The most valuable of this list is the Senior Play privilege. We gladly give you the right to listen to Miss Billman describe your dramatic efforts while eating her lunch. It's a treat and a part of your education.

Our class dues were cut 50% this year because of the Play profit. If you do better they will be paying you to graduate. It's a thought, anyway.

Besides these examples of our generosity, we leave our blessings and a hope for "Happy Landings" when you, too, depart from this world for the new one. May we all again meet and continue to acquire knowledge of living, learning, and life.

All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind, and quality, soever it may be, and not herein before disposed of (after paying the expenses of the trip) we give and bequeath to Mr. James S. Collins for his use and benefit absolutely.

And we do hereby appoint said James S. Collins sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, We the Class of Thirty-Five, the testators, have to this our will, written on parchment, or lacking parchment, arithmetic paper, set our hand and seal, this eleventh day of June, Anno-Domini, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five.

Helen M. Vandeleur.



## Weigh Anchor

CATHERINE ZOTTOLI, 12-1

As our ships sailed into the harbor of North six years ago, little did we think of the time when we would have to pull up anchor and set sail on a sea that would be wind-swept and stormy. For the greater part even of our Senior year these thoughts have been as foreign to us as they were in former times, but now that the year is actually drawing to a close, definite courses have to be chartered.

Preparation for this great event has been going on for some time even though some of us have least suspected it. Supplies have been made by the cautious for any condition that could present itself. Most of the ships are as fully laden as they could be on sailing from this port, but too many are sailing away a bit short of supplies. If only the captains of these latter ships had had enough foresight to see that the sailing date was rapidly approaching, and something ought to be done about it in

time! Then the rich knowledge of this isle could have been stored aboard leisurely.

On leaving, we experience the well-known sense of loss that we feel when some integral part of us is taken away. Although we have accumulated much to carry off with us, there are some things which must either stay behind us or end on our sailing date. The greatest thing that we will have to leave is the friendly comradeship of the ship's crew. Even though other things will replace the want, this grand feeling of comradeship is gone never to be recaptured.

It is a well-known fact that the sea is rougher in some places than it is in others, and that some vessels are always lost, but we hope that with the proper equipment all who venture forth from this northern port fare well, and sail on smoothly-running high seas for many years to come.

## What is Guidance?

RUSSELL WILLIAMS, 12-2

To our thoughtful superintendent, Mr. James N. Muir, we students at North pledge our allegiance for the many educationally advanced theories that he has introduced into the Quincy school system. The project of student guidance inaugurated in 1933 is, for example, one of the newest of Mr. Muir's projects. What a boon this plan is to Quincy public school students! Practical in its application, the guidance plan places the school career of each student in grades 7-12 under the direction of an individual teacher, known as a counselor. In addition to his regular teaching load, the counselor advises the students under his direction as to what course to take. Then he adjusts their programs, interviews them at regular intervals and also whenever an adjustment is to be made or

a difficulty ironed out, gives pertinent vocational advice, keeps a record of their scholastic standing, of their character, and of their interests. Frequently the counselors contact the home of individual pupils and thereby establish a live co-operation between home and school by means of which many pseudo-educational pitfalls may be avoided in the high school careers of the more or less bewildered adolescents.

"The Manet" Staff hails Mr. Muir, the head counselor, and the counselors for the educationally effective results that they have accomplished in the life plans of the Quincy school students in the past two years under the new guidance organization.

## Going Forward—Looking Backward

HELEN M. VANDELEUR, 12-2

Live for the future, not for the past! How many, many people look ever backward, rarely forward. How futile it is to look backward except to profit by the mistakes of yesterday, and to realize that never again must those same mistakes occur. One must never look backward so that he forgets to look forward. The past is never as glorious as the future can be.

The past holds pictures of thwarted hopes, frustrations, and, of course, some victories, but never as much victory or joy as the present and the future can be made to bring forth. The old saying that "While there is life there is hope" is true. Hope, yes, hope for new worlds to conquer, new plans and visions to fulfill, new friends to make and the old to

make dearer.

Those who sigh for the past have lost entirely their sense of perspective. They see only the joys and pleasures met in that somewhat indefinite past; not the hardships, torments, and trials they encountered. Doubtless at that time they were looking even further back and sighing for that even more remote past.

The progressive life of the earth depends not alone on what has gone before, but on what is yet to come—new and rising generations, new inventions, even a new type of civilization. All these reforms will come forth in the future. So look forward, ever forward, pausing in your stride to see in retrospect only what may be of profit.



# Manet



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## --:-- Advisers --:--

Ethel Crockett

Ruth Leavitt

John Hofferty



### MANET STAFF

FIRST ROW (Left to Right, Sitting): Agnes Walker, Elizabeth Seavey, Dorothy Plummer, Catherine Zottoli, Russell Williams, Edith Zottoli, Helen Vandeleur, Marion Acker.

SECOND ROW (Left to Right): Bernice Lyford, Hilda Goldberg, Frances Curtis, Dorothy Nash, Elizabeth Wallace, Bertha Cummings, Nancy Maw.

THIRD ROW (Left to Right): Edward Bentley, Alice Calnan, Dorothy Rooney, William Hill, Arthur Starratt.

FOURTH ROW (Left to Right): James Rumrill, Agnes Laing, George Crowdis.

FIFTH ROW (Left to Right): Donald Kent, Wilfred Bettonney.



## The Tale of Prince Abdoul-Ben-Boushwahr

STEPHEN PUTNAM, 12-1

A long time ago in ancient Arabia there lived an adventurous young prince named Abdoul-Ben-Boushwahr. His father, the Bey of Fundy, was the rich ruler of Fundy, a country which was at war with another kingdom called Oompah. The Prince, although he was well versed in the art of warfare, was forbidden to fight for fear that if he should be killed the Bey would be left without an heir. Abdoul, disliking inactivity very much, soon devised a scheme whereby he could amuse himself. Unknown to anyone, he one day left the palace disguised as an olive merchant. In the street he purchased a few jars of the most expensive olives and then set out for the kingdom of Oompah.

After a week's journey, adventurous young Abdoul-Ben-Boushwahr arrived in Oompah and established himself in a small shop near the palace of the rival sovereign, who was known as the Caliph of Oompah. Abdoul, however, had no intentions of selling olives. By raising the price of his olives to an exorbitant figure he was able to appear as a merchant and still not be intruded upon by any customers. Keeping to his shop in the daytime, he would pass the hours reading until nightfall came; then, he would go out to prowl about the palace and familiarize himself with its layout. Soon he became satisfied with his knowledge of the surroundings so that one evening, after concealing an olive in his tarboosh, and arming himself with a sharp yataghan, he dropped over the palace wall and disappeared among the foliage of the garden.

An hour later Abdoul found himself at the casement of the Caliph's bed-chamber. Inside was Stygian darkness. Cautiously the prince drew himself inside; then, after noiselessly groping around for a few minutes, his hands came in contact with the object he was seeking, a brass oil lamp. After quickly lighting it and placing it in a far corner of the room, he advanced toward the Caliph's couch. Bending over the snoring monarch, he took the olive from his tarboosh and tied it firmly within the dense foliage of the ruler's beard. Next, he scribbled a few words on a sheet of paper which he pinned to the sleeper's chest. Having accomplished his mission for the evening, Prince Abdoul-Ben-Boushwahr left the chamber as quietly as he had entered, and returned to his shop.

The following morning found the Caliph of Oompah whispering to the Grand Vizier. By the wild appearance of the Caliph it was evident that the conversation concerned the mysterious happening of the night.

"Not only that," spoke the Caliph fiercely, "but the devil also pinned a note to my chest, a note which said,

"'It is written that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush.'"

"Haw, haw, haw," roared a Nubian slave who was standing close by.

The Caliph darted a glance at the person whose merriment was so untimely and then disemboweled him by a quick stroke of his scimitar. After wiping his sword on the cadaver, the ruler finished his conversation by swearing.

"If that perfidious wretch is ever found, I'll have him boiled in oil! Olive oil! Then he'll be hung up to dry in the market place by his entrails."

The second day the supreme monarch found another olive in his beard. Cilia, the bearded lady and wife of the Grand Vizier, also discovered one in hers. The news spread around the palace quickly, so that eventually no one felt safe when under the burning stare of the revengeful Caliph. On the third day, when he had stationed guards in his room, he perceived that the fowl he was eating was stuffed with olives. Rising, he drew his scimitar and dealt the table such a blow that it was cleft in two. Then, bellowing with tremendous energy, he cried,

"By the Sword of Khorassan, to whoever captures alive the scorpion that dares mock His Superb Excellency and Grand High Exalted Descendant of the Immortal Bo-Bo, to him I will grant any wish within my power! I have spoken."

On the same day that the Caliph had uttered his oath, Prince Abdoul Ben-Boushwahr, not yet having heard about it, boldly decided to enjoy the beauty of the royal gardens by daylight. So, when conditions favored him, the young prince scaled the wall and dropped to the earth within the palace grounds. Turning about, the prince started on seeing a beautiful young woman reclining on the bench before him.

"Do you always enter a garden in the same way?" demanded the maiden, calmly.

"No! No! That is, No! You see I was falsely suspected of stealing olives! I mean horses! So I jumped in here to hide from my pursuers, you see," stammered Abdoul.

"Really! And would you mind telling me what cause an olive merchant has for stealing olives?" she queried.

"Olives? No! You see the horse was loaded with olives when he disappeared."

"Oh, yes. How stupid of me! By the way,

good olive merchant, what is your name?"

"It is Abdoul-Ben-Ben—."

"How nice! My name is Selima."

"The Princess Selima?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"My Highness! Impossible! I am but an olive merchant!"

"I am so sorry! For a moment I thought you were Prince Abdoul-Ben-Boushwahr. You see, your noble features and that diamond signet ring I must have misinterpreted."

"Allah be merciful!" groaned Abdoul.

"Fear not, however," smiled the Princess Selima, "for I have heard so many wonderful stories of your daring escapades that I believe it would be a pity to cut short so promising a career."

"You are too kind, my lady."

"Think nothing of it. If you meet me here tomorrow at the same hour, I vow that the Caliph will learn nothing of you. So, until tomorrow, Prince Abdoul-Ben-Boushwahr."

"Until tomorrow, Princess Selima."

Thus they parted and both waited the coming of the new day.

In the meantime, news of the Caliph's oath had flown throughout the kingdom. Into Harum Searum, the worst dive of all Oompah, the news had also found its way. It particularly made an impression upon a youthful fiend named Imar Krullah. For a long time he sat still and said nothing. Finally rising, he spat out a cud of betel nuts and struck a gong lightly with his scimitar. A servant entered bearing some hashish. With a leer, Imar Krullah, after imbibing a goodly portion of the drug, tilted his tarboosh and slipped out. His first stop was at the kitchen of the palace where, by distributing money in places that it would do the most good, he was able to obtain some of the mysterious olives.

On the day that he was to meet the Princess Selima, Abdoul left an Eurasian girl to look after his shop. Then, at the appointed hour, he made his entrance to the garden. The Princess Selima looked troubled.

"Answer me truthfully," she said. "You are the person who put the olives in Papa's beard, aren't you?"

"Yes," answered Abdoul with a blush.

"Well," continued Selima seriously, "I found out that my father has vowed to grant any wish within his power to the person who captures you alive."

"So I have heard," replied Abdoul. "I had hoped you would not suspect me, but I fear now that your father will not be deprived of his amusement."

"Don't be cruel," cried Princess Selima. "you know I would not have thee hurt; but if you do not care to be boiled in olive oil, you must leave this country at once, for they are searching for you everywhere."

"Your words are wise," answered Abdoul. "I am your servant forever. May Kismet bless you." So saying, Prince Abdoul-Ben-Boushwahr again scaled the wall and betook himself to his shop.

During this time the scheming Imar Krullah had been constantly at work. Making a tour of the olive shops in the vicinity of the palace he had, after many fruitless investigations, finally arrived at the shop of the prince. On being asked the price of a small cask of olives, the girl replied,

"Five hundred sequins. Good-bye."

"Not so fast, my pretty one," retorted Imar Krullah. "Those olives may be different from any others sold in Oompah, but certainly they cannot be worth five hundred sequins. How many has your master sold?"

"None so far."

"And how long has this shop been open?"

"Two months."

"Indeed! Here are twenty sequins. Let me taste one."

A quiver ran through Imar's frame as he tasted the olive.

"What is this? A customer?" inquired Abdoul, surprised, as he returned to his shop.

"Very much so," answered Imar Krullah, as he placed his yataghan at Abdoul's heart. "I'm sure the Caliph will pay you generously for these olives."

Thus it was that Prince Abdoul-Ben-Boushwahr, heir to the throne of the Kingdom of Fundy, was placed in a dungeon to await a cruel death. The Caliph of Oompah, however, was bursting with an evil satisfaction. His cruel lips were drawn into a malicious grin. Yet, when the time approached for Imar Krullah to demand his reward, the Caliph became uneasy as he realized the folly of his vow.

"State your desire and if it is within my power you shall have it," said the Caliph when the time had finally arrived.

"All I ask is the Princess Selima in marriage," quickly responded Krullah.

"My daughter! My most priceless possession!" cried the unhappy ruler, perceiving Krullah's character. "Surely not she!"

"Only the Princess Selima do I ask and yet you try to bargain with me. One would think that a Caliph's vow would have some character," sneered Imar Krullah.

"Stop! Enough! It is granted. You shall be married after the execution," cried the Caliph of Oompah angrily.

In the dungeon, the Prince was furious when he had learned of the fate of the Princess. Over and over again he had pondered every possible means of escape. One thing was certain. He must see the Princess Selima as soon as possible. When the jail keeper came around with his meals, Abdoul discovered that his



keeper, having a good sense of humor, sympathized with him and was willing to carry messages to the Princess. Abdoul's first message to Selima suggested that she should buy all the existing olive oil in the kingdom and have it secretly dumped into the river. The Princess, who knew how strictly the Caliph adhered to his vows, was quick to see the value of such a plan. Therefore, in two days, there was not a drop of olive oil to be found in the kingdom. The ruler realized that a plot was hatched against him, but nevertheless he of necessity had to postpone the stew. This infuriated Imar Krullah who subsequently accused the Caliph of deliberately attempting to avoid the marriage. Hence, the wedding date was set for the day that the execution had formerly been scheduled.

With the arrival of the wedding day, Abdoul was in despair. Knowing the dissolute character of Imar Krullah, he held Selima's fate in the utmost fear. Soon the hour for the nuptials had arrived and Abdoul, to his utmost surprise and wonderment, was led out of the dungeon and placed in a steel cage. This cage was then wheeled to the grounds in front of the palace, and was hoisted to a position atop

a platform on a tall post. Beneath him the Princess Selima was to be married. While thus exposed to the public gaze like a caged animal, an inspiration came to the Prince, and he began to rock the cage back and forth. Soon the pen toppled from its high perch and was torn open by the impact.

Very much bruised, the noble Abdoul leapt from his confinement and wrenched a scimitar from the hand of the nearest soldier. Then, holding to Selima with his other hand, he dashed for the nearest horse. The animal, however, was immediately guarded by the similarly armed Imar Krullah. With a few deft strokes, Abdoul finished the viper; and then, leaping upon a swift Arabian steed, he drew the Princess up before him and dashed off safely before any other people were able to collect their wits.

In his flight, Abdoul made straight for his homeland. Having arrived at his own palace, the Prince introduced the fair Princess Selima to the Bey of Fundy, who sanctioned a royal marriage. The Caliph of Oompah, also, was pleased at the turn of events, and the two kingdoms forever afterwards remained in peaceful amity.

## A Yawl

PETER MACOMBER, 7-8

I saw a ship upon the seas  
Spreading her canvas to the breeze,  
Mains'l, Jiggers'l, Stays'l, and all:  
On her route, a graceful yawl.  
On her way across the sea  
In a day where will she be?  
At the mercy of the wave  
Wrecked, and at her watery grave?  
And the faithful dingy floats astern  
Riding the waves like a wounded tern:  
Her oak ribs steamed to shape the bow.  
The yawl the horse, and she the plow.  
She glides along the glassy swell,  
Darkness comes, still all is well;  
The port and starboard lights shine bright  
As she slides out in the night.

## Snow

MARGUERITE VANN, 7-4

The snow is coming softly down,  
Upon the frozen ground.  
The trees are lightly covered,  
The stones are tiny mounds.  
The bushes are like shadows,  
The people walking snow,  
The lights within the windows  
Are burning dim and low.  
In all it is a Wonderland,  
Made beautiful by snow,  
But when the early spring comes 'round  
This Wonderland must go.

## The Birth of the Trees

MILDRED HIRTLE, 7-8

When the God of all Creation  
Looked upon the world He made,  
He saw need of leafy beauty.  
Then the Lord His finger laid  
On the roots within the brown earth,  
And they pushed their way to light:  
Thus had trees their birth of splendor,  
Into centuries of might.  
Through the years they spread their glory,  
Massive elm and stately pine:  
Strength and grace and vivid color  
All unite in God's design.  
Lovely maple, oak, and poplar,  
Weeping willow, silver birch  
Daily preach us silent sermons,  
Every wood a living church!

## My Girl Friend

DORIS SCOTT, 9-9

My girl friend's just the type,  
That always makes you feel just right.  
And I just bet that all of you  
Would like a girl friend like mine too.  
She's not the fussy kind,  
But one I'd call a find.  
And always happy shall I be,  
Because a friend she is to me.  
And after we have parted,  
I'll remember friendships started.  
And so as you may see,  
She is quite a pal to me.





**SENIOR STUDENT COUNCIL, (*Upper Picture*)**

FRONT ROW (Left to Right): James Fay, Priscilla Jenkins, Louise Newcomb, Thelma Throndsen, Reginald Leith, Eleanor DeVries, Thora Soderberg, Jane Curran, William Morrison.

SECOND ROW (Left to Right): Stephen Horton, Alfred Godfrey, Gladys Finney, Mary Pratt, Betty McCloskey, Mary Macomber, Nancy Bray, Vlasios Georgian, Webster Tileston.

THIRD ROW (Left to Right): Albert Edson, Edward Bentley, David Colligan, Stephen Putnam, Ralph Richardson, George Hill.

**JUNIOR STUDENT COUNCIL, (*Lower Picture*)**

FRONT ROW (Left to Right): Betty Dunn, Barbara Keith, Leonore Johnson, Gene Sprague, Dorothy Naumann, Pauline Perron, Ruth Rawson, Shirley Richards.

SECOND ROW (Left to Right): Joseph O'Brien, Charles Lastick, Milton Shute, Byron Isobel, Waldo Finney, Thomas Dowd, William Gardner, Norman Hurd, Frank Carroll.

THIRD ROW (Left to Right): William Cornell, Eugene O'Connor, Leonard Marsden, William Ball, Russell Regan, Albert Nelson, Grafton Welsh, Paul Schworm.

FOURTH ROW (Left to Right): William Pratt, Malcolm Stewart, Guy Leighton, James Young, Richard Knowles, Paul Tupper, William Ryan.



## Janitor Service

SYDNEY LEONARD, 10-1

Thomas J. Steele, Sr., local politician, paused in his daily, if not hum-drum, act of dressing. I say it was not hum-drum because the deadly monotony of the thing was broken by a spirited search for a clean shirt; the sole result being a well stirred-up bureau.

"Where in time did she put it? Can't find any —ah." The last exclamation was followed by a half puzzled, half sheepish expression on the visage of Mr. Steele. For there on the chair by the window lay a fresh shirt whose flawless collar fairly sparkled in the sun. The usual tranquility of Mr. Steele's features was resumed until the next object of his irritation put in its appearance. This time, the shrill voice of a young female repeating in a sing-song fashion, "Tommie, get n-up, Tommie get u-up," accompanied the sound of feet hopping on the stairs in a manner peculiar to children.

I do not mean, however, that Mr. Steele (one always used that formal title regardless of one's relations with him) was always irritated by Marjorie's voice. There were some days when this young Queen of all She Surveyed was quite bearable, in fact, lovable. A young lady of ten, she had already outgrown or was endeavoring to outgrow the nick-name of "Piggy" derived from the two pig-tails painstakingly encouraged by a doting mother; although the sight of the two central teeth, ridiculously large when compared to the remaining "baby teeth," did not lend itself well to dignity. The footsteps headed in the opposite direction from that of their owner's father and the aforesaid owner opened a door across the hall. Marjorie confronted a scene discouraging, indeed, to a young energetic and (except on occasion) entirely self-sufficient person like herself. The central figure in the room was a tawdled shapeless lump in the middle of what Marjorie took to be a bed. Walls adorned with bright banners, pictures, plus ink spatters, offsprings from a large globe (no other word will suffice) demurely hiding under a large three masted schooner, chairs draped with clothes (probably the closet was empty), and over all a weird green gloom caused by the sun battling with tightly drawn shades, evoked a sharp "Tommie!" from the disgusted Marjorie.

"Tommie! Today is the day of your initiation to the Kappa-Daffa, or whatever it is, and Mama says to get up. Tommie!" This last ended in a high falsetto well calculated to send the drowsy victim into the air, bed clothes flying in every direction.

"What's the matter? Can't you let a fellow sleep without bursting his ear-drums? I can't even go to bed without having you squeal at

me! All right, I'm getting up," and Marjorie scampered down the stairs, narrowly escaping a well-timed pillow.

"Gosh, what a life. The rest of the gang don't have kid sisters to bother them. They can live in peace without always having someone hollering, 'Tommie! Tommie!' at them. Wonder what she'd do if she didn't have me to yell at? I'm always the goat!" And so on Tommie grumbled to himself while crawling stupidly into his clothes.

Finally arriving downstairs, he found the family at breakfast. Marjorie was gobbling hers as fast as she could, perfectly picturing her nickname.

"Good morning, Tom," said a gentle sweet-looking woman. "Your breakfast is waiting. Did you have a good time last night?"

"Morning, Mother, 'lo Dad. Yes, the gang sure gave us a fine banquet. Gosh, Mother, can't you do something about that child? She's the world's worst."

"I am not, Mother. You told me to wake him up, and I did!" put in the indignant Marjorie. "I wasn't going to tell, but now I will. Tommie didn't do his homework last night, I saw it on his desk. So there!"

"Gosh, Mother, there she goes again! A fellow can't have any peace. 'Course I didn't do my home work. How could I?" exclaimed Tom.

Mr. Steele unable to keep still any longer interspersed, "Thomas, that will do. Marjorie, be quiet. You should never tell tales; you know that. Tom, you should understand, by now, that your sister is a great deal younger than you and looks at things differently. And remember this, too, regardless of how badly off you think you are, it might be much worse. Not eat your breakfast, both of you, and never have such a scene again."

The family subsided into tranquility once more, broken only by occasional glimpses of a pink tongue from Marjorie's pert little mouth. As neither Mr. nor Mrs. Steele chose to observe this bit of mischief, the remainder of the meal passed quietly but stiffly.

A few minutes later Tom was on his way to school, carrying his unused books. The day passed uneventfully for him and he was glad to leave the business-like atmosphere of the school to think by himself. He was comfortably plunged in thoughts of his initiation into Kappa-Daffa, when the voice of Pat, janitor at the City Hall, broke in upon his reveries.

"Say there, Tom! Tom! Anything wrong? I've spoken to you three times and you didn't bat an eye."

"Oh,—uh, hullo, Pat, I was just thinking. Gosh, it's fun to imagine all the antics that we fellows will have to go through at initiation."

"Well now, Tommie, I s'pose 'tis. But here, now, I was almost forgetting what I came after you for. Your father wants you down at City Hall right away. Here we are, let's take the trolley. We'll be there in jig time."

Thus the two boarded the car—the old, grizzly, fuzzy janitor, fidgeting and squirming in his embarrassment (being unused to trolleys) and the high school boy, invariably bemoaning his "rotten luck at missing the initiation of the Kappa-Daffa after school." What could his father want? He'd always scorned his son's assistance in politics before, but now he must choose the biggest day of the season to bring Tom down to the stuffy old building, where the clerks went around in shirt sleeves and dilapidated vests. Again his reveries were broken by Pat proclaiming their arrival in a loud voice.

"He wants you to wait on the top floor," Pat told Tom as they went in. "He'll be up later on with some work for you." Then as they reached the top step of the last flight, "In here, Tom. It's not too comfortable, but I guess you'll be all right. Well, make yourself at home. I've got to go downstairs again."

Tom stared disgustedly about him. The furnishings consisted of a large bare table and an uncomfortable-looking straight chair, with several weak slats in the back. There were many windows, however, and the sun poured in making the air hot and close. Unfortunately, the windows were firmly nailed.

"Oh, hum, guess I might as well sit down and watch the people go by. Hey, Dad! Oh, Dad! Well, can you beat that?" Tom seemed suddenly charged with electricity and leaped from the chair almost before he had touched it. The cause of his sudden outburst was the sight of his father coming out of the building with a stranger, jumping into his car, and driving away!

"And he leaves me to wait in this hot place while he has a cool ride with that man. I won't stay any longer. I'm going to the fraternity house. Gosh, I'm locked in!"

At this last amazing discovery Tom began to pace the floor. Chewing his finger nails, he pondered on his predicament for several minutes. Suddenly he wheeled, "I have it! They've kidnapped Dad, and got me out of the

way by locking me in here. I'm the only other man in the family and Dad's rivals know Mother wouldn't tell anyone that he was missing because she'd be afraid they'd hurt him politically. But how did they persuade Pat? He's an old friend of ours." Tom's mind was working rapidly now and he had it all figured out. Mr. Steele was influential in the mill across the river and could prevent a smouldering strike. So they kidnapped old Dad. What a way for gentlemen to fight! And he thought he was having rough sledding. His petty little annoyances were nothing compared to this crisis. If this terrible experience ever came to an end he'd go back to Marjorie's teasing with a smile. To think that a little thing like her could ever bother him. But this waiting, waiting. Would something never happen? He tried to rouse some one downstairs by pounding on the floor, but with no luck. Attracting the attention of some one in the street met with less success, the stupid pedestrians getting the stupidity reversed. The room was so hot that Tom was glad to stop his frenzied strides around the room and to sit in the once scorned straight chair. Sprawling there, Tom gave himself up to the heat and drowsy atmosphere. Exhausted and nervous he was soon overtaken by an agitated sleep.

"Bang! Bang! Hail, hail, the gang's all here—! Wake up, Tom, old boy. The gang's all here! Haven't you a smile for the Kappa-Daffa?"

Confused figures rushing before his eyes, voices, noise, laughing reeled round and round in Tom's dazed mind. Finally he managed to recover his senses enough to be ashamed for sleeping through that hectic afternoon.

And then by quick thinking and clever piecing together, Tom managed to fit the jumbled phrases from his pals into a tolerable explanation. He had been induced into staying in the hot attic by Pat, who in turn had been induced into telling him to by Bob, the frat's master of ceremonies. As a matter of fact, Mr. Steele knew nothing about it, and was perfectly safe at home. And Tom was the Junior Chief of the Kappa-Daffa, in line for chief next year, when he became senior! All in an afternoon! Shaking off his dazed feeling and joining in the fun, Tom decided that the world's not such a bad place to live in after all.





### BAND

FRONT ROW (Left to Right): Leslie Ferrell, Paul Engley, Walter Wight, Richard Treco, William Crosman, Helen Vandeleur, Albert Soderberg, James Queeney, Robert Kenney, Deane Phinney, Paul Tupper, Mr. Lester Murdock.

SECOND ROW (Left to Right): Ivan Chandler, Russell Bowman, Robert Weden, Everett Pope, Robert Wills, Henry Allen, John Bancroft, Paul Watson, Donald Ross, Norman Hurd, Fred Hauck, Warren Sharp.

THIRD ROW: (Left to Right): Gerard Cameron, David Slettan, Richard Stevens, Philip Buck, Robert Porthouse, David Pitman, Herbert Tonry, Harold Fish, Roger Kent.

FOURTH ROW (Left to Right): Harold Scollin, Fred Sherwin, David Jess, Bicknell Hall, Arthur Georgian.

FIFTH ROW (Left to Right): Walter Kennedy, Arthur Senter, Edward Hall.

SIXTH ROW (Left to Right): George Borst, Glenn Woodbury, Russell Poquett, Dana Hill, Robert French, Robert Frazer, Gilbert Syme, Alfred Godfrey, Albert Wright, Lester Grohe.

### GIRLS' CLUB

FIRST ROW: Ruth Fell, Marie Matarazzo, Elsie Alden, Betty Wallace, Mary Randolph, Secretary; Anna Cashman, President; Eleanor DeVries, Vice-President; Bertha Cummings, Treasurer; Dorothy Nash, Ethel Howell, Bethia Morrill, Carolyn Trop.

SECOND ROW: Bessie Lambros, Ruth Strasburg, Edith Jones, Peggy Cummings, Bettina Hayden, Ruth Agnew, Mary Sisson, Dorothy Cunningham, Phillipa Lundstrom, Mary Purpora, Eleanor McGuerty, Harriett Maxwell, Edith Grayson, Bernice Lyford, Hillavi West.

THIRD ROW: Dolores Alvero, Evelyn Noble, Carolyn Knowles, Irene Peterson, June Martin, Ruth Riley.

FOURTH ROW: Louise de Pourtales, Betty Abbott, Evelyn Creedon, Alice Knight, Dorothy Morse, Edith Zottoli, Alice Kelley, Winifred Griffin, Agnes Walker, Helen Gagas, Josephine Pitts, Ruth Todd.



FIFTH ROW: Betty Sanders, Dorothy Jepson, Lillian James, Eleanor Bruce, Gertrude Donahue, Ethelyn Cochrane, Priscilla Wallace, Marjorie Clancy, Ruth Jenness, Marion Gifford.

SIXTH ROW: Grayce Johnson, Dorothy McDevitt, Gladys Simpson, Elizabeth Wilcox, Margaret Tyler, Dorothy Bergeron, Doris Dame, Ruth Channell, Elsie Young, Miriam Thomas, Virginia Black, Helen Goode, Winifred Pratt, Hope Peterson, Edna Lahey, Dorothy McAuliffe, Barbara Cushman.

SEVENTH ROW: Lucy Melanson, Mabel Finch, Elizabeth Walsh, Dorothy Bersig, Dorothea Oberg, Evelyn Parsons, Agnes Laing, Marie McBride, Louise Robbins, Catherine Zottoli, Grace Burrows, Peggy Gould.

EIGHTH ROW: Natalie Butler, Mary Carroll, Marion Acker, Helen Vandeleur, Rosemary McCauley, Barbara McLeod, Rita McMahon, Elizabeth Seavy, Dorothy Plummer, Mildred Arion, Virginia Eddy, Nancy Maw, Anita Giardino

## Chivalry

HELEN VANDELEUR, 12-2

In days of old when knights were bold and women were purely ornamental, chivalry meaning "disinterested courtesy; bravery; magnanimity," as practiced by a "body of knights, warriors, or gallant gentlemen" was the by-word of all good and wholesome lads within the pale. Those without the pale, consequently unhampered by the ties of knighthood, did whatever they pleased, often to the chagrin of their supposedly more fortunate brothers. Woman as a race, sex, or incalculable group was extremely dependent. She, not knowing about vitamins, minerals, and "tomato juice at each meal and before going to bed," was addicted to swooning spells, causing her to exert herself as little as possible. As a result of this the men in her vicinity came to regard her as being as fragile and quite as precious as Dresden china.

Looking upon their opposites as the weaker and more dependent sex got to be a habit among the lads and, strange to relate, they rather enjoyed it; it gave them a sense of superiority not to be found elsewhere. Needless to say the average man was charming to the beautiful dependent, but what of her less fortunately endowed sister? We reply to the effect that the mothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins of Ye Bolde Knights were often a little this side of perfection, quite a little. The poor male got so used to helping all kinds that he acquired the permanent habit. Then again, he realized that many a good heart often beat 'neath a size 48 tunic and acted accordingly.

What chaos reigned in the mind of the male upon witnessing that astounding feminine metamorphosis, the emergence of an independent

and rather self-reliant woman from the pod of what was apparently only a clinging vine! "Why rush around," said he, "and acquire heart trouble waiting upon a person fully as capable as I?"

Why indeed? Few ladies of today swoon; if they do, it is usually for effect. Tennis, swimming, skating, and other athletic activities have aided in the development of a type of woman mentally, and often physically, as capable as the modern male. A fellow of the present day can hardly be expected to regard as someone to be protected the Modern Miss who took over his job. Yet the sham of masculine superiority continues; hence "chivalry." Men give it. Women expect it. They both love it. No doubt, however, the male feels rather sheepish when, after fumbling in his pockets for a match, he finds his lady has already used and closed her own lighter. Chivalry here would be rather banal.

Upon reading of the feminine Texan Tornado, "Babe" Didrikson, winner of Olympic events challenging any man in the country to a Round Robin of Sports and standing a fine chance of winning, we heave a gusty sigh for chivalry! If the Chicago lass with the back as muscled as Sonnenburg's, who advertised for a job as guard to any male in need of protection, got tangled up in a melee while on duty and received a poke on the proboscis, she could hardly expect a display of either sympathy or "chivalry" on the part of any masculine bystander.

Lo! The world changes. Today—behold! The knights are old, and the ladies bold!

## The Making of an Ace

WILLIAM HANSON, 9-10

High above the war-torn fields of France there rocked and swayed a five-plane flight of Spads. They tipped with the currents of air made by explosions below.

While Bob Haywood, top man of "B" flight, was searching the sky with powerful binoculars, he suddenly batted forward the throttle and roared down in front of Bill Kennedy,

flight leader. He rolled the ship from side to side to attract Bill's attention. As Bill looked up, Bob pointed toward a large fleecy cloud three or four miles away. Bill peered at the cloud for a minute and then, for a split second, he saw a flash of sun on doped fabric. Since allied planes did not circle in clouds over France, he signaled the men behind him toward



the cloud. The wide open Hissos growled in the blunt noses of their ships as they roared toward the enemy. Like a flash, seven highly colored Albatrosses plunged one after another through the wet mist and screamed toward "B" flight. From Bill's ship, a red and white flare shot out, a signal meaning every man for himself. The men cleared their guns and the two flights met and broke into a scrambling mass of wheeling planes. Red-hot tracers wove a net through the fight, and motors whined as the ships strained through complicated maneuvers.

Bob Haywood turned around in his cramped cockpit and stared into stuttering Spandau mouths that blinked at him. He recognized the ship as that of Baron von Swaltz, one of Germany's aces. The Baron had eight planes to his credit and as Bob saw it he would have nine if Bob didn't do something immediately. He, himself, had four. Bob pulled back the stick and chandled. When he pulled his plane out he saw bullets disappearing off his left wing. As he banked vertically to the right, he saw the Baron's ship fill his ringsight. He pressed his Bowden trips, and the Vickers on the cowl chanted out. The Baron's ship slid out of the way of the bullets with an experienced hand, and Bob found himself drilling holes into the clear air. He released his trips and dived toward the speckled Albatross.

No sooner had the Baron's ship faded into an obstructing wing than Bob began to look about him excitedly. For the second time, von Swaltz's guns spoke. They grew hot as the tracers whizzed out through their barrels. At the sound of the guns Bob saw streamers of fabric trailing after his lower right wing, and as he stared, the bullet holes began to march toward him in a zig zag course. A second later they were in his cockpit and chewing the crash pad to pieces. Bob's ship gave a peculiar lurch, and the bullets stopped. He had come upon a down draft made by the slipstream from a passing ship. This good fortune had probably saved his life. He pulled the stick back into his stomach and swooped up toward the unprotected oil-smeared underside of the Albatross's fuselage. Bob's gloved hands gripped the trips and a long burst disappeared into the ship above. As the Spad fell off, the Baron's ship rolled and sliced downward only to be checked after a hundred-foot dive. Bob pulled his plane out a bit under the circus Albatross and the Baron banked to meet him.

Bob hauled the stick into his stomach and held it there. The two pilots were looking across the circle made by their planes and were trying to push the ships ahead by willpower. The Benz in the Albatross and the Hissos in the Spad both wide open whined and spat gobs of raw gas through their exhaust stacks as they whirled a merry-go-round kind of flight. Soon

the Albatross, a more maneuverable ship, began to gain on the Spad. As the bullets began to rip into the tail assembly, Bob pulled the stick back farther, and the speed of the ships around the circle caused him to feel faint as the blood left his head. A second later the rudder bar felt loose and the ship skidded out of the circle. The Baron had shot away the rudder cables! Bob's ship now unable to turn sharply was at the Baron's mercy. The tracers zoomed by Bob's head and down into the cockpit; one striking his arm. His left side went numb.

As a last hope Bob pushed the stick forward and the Spad dropped its nose and dived as only a Spad can. At one thousand feet from the ground Bob pulled the ship up and over. When he came out the Baron was square in front of him. As the two streaking planes leveled off, Bob held the stick between his knees and pressed the trips. The belt jerked into the breach and the bullets sprayed the ship before him. The Albatross's wings began to wobble and the ship nosed over with the Baron's weight on the stick. With the Benz wide open the ship roared to the ground and hit with a resounding crash in the mud.

Bob was weak from loss of blood and was going out fast. He had to set his ship down. He aimed it at a field full of shell holes and cut the gun. The last he knew, he pulled the stick back and the ship pancaked into one of the shell holes. Then the lights went out.

The next thing Bob knew he was between clean white sheets in a room full of the smell of anesthetics. Somebody had got him out of his crashed ship and to a hospital. A minute later a doctor in an immaculate white frock was bending over Bob, and announcing the name of General Fogg as a visitor. As Bob raised his eyes, the powerful but genial face of Fogg brightened into a smile of courageous admiration.

"Lieutenant Robert Haywood," he said, "as we checked your record at Wing Headquarters we found out that you have, today, shot down the most feared and ruthless killer on this part of the front. We found that this victory has been the fifth since you have entered the air force, so it is our pleasant duty to present you with the rating of an ace and also to bestow upon you this token of appreciation."

Then he pinned a medal on Bob's pajamas and kissed both of Bob's cheeks.

After the General and the Doctor had left, Bob fondly examined his Croix de Guerre with two palms, and thought that this wasn't such a bad world after all.



## Get Out the Buckets

LILLIAN LEWIS, 12-5

About six o'clock the cock crows; about six-thirty a light glows. And when it rains—out go the buckets. Have you seen cattle milling to the fast-evaporating stream? Have you seen kittens around a saucer of milk? Have you seen people rushing to the sun-dried well?

What a sun! Three days without water, three days without water, three days without water! Water, water! One pail of water to-day! When is it going to rain? Wish I had some water. Four days without water! Rain, rain, why doesn't it rain?

A soft, gray haze sweeps over the dust-swept ocean. Fog! Fog! The human cattle feel a surge of suspense in their veins. Fog! The kittens stir with the excitement of expectancy. Five days without rain. Why doesn't the fog break? The fog is thickening to water level. Fog! Why doesn't it break? A tanned, sober-faced people turns in its bed. Children cry for it, men thirst for it,—water.

Drip, drip, drip! Softly, slowly, water. It's water—rain. Morning dawns. Still the drip, dripping of water. The people? Where are the people? Out in the street. There are the people! Wetting dried skins, throats, hearts. People singing, dancing, shouting for joy in the rain, rain, rain! The rain beats down

harder, harder, and yet the people stay, soaked to the skin, wetting their fevered brains. Will the thirst never be quenched? Happy faces greet one another. Two days of rain; the wells are filling. No longer is it the drizzling, side-swept rain, but steady, firm drops. Get out the buckets. It looks as though we'll really have a little rain. Buckets, pans, pails, pots, even glasses adorn housesteps. Front lawns, once parched, are now green. Three days of rain! Hard rain, heavy rain—four days of rain. The wells are overflowing. Hurrah! People now wear their rain cloaks going about happily among themselves. "Ah, this is the life." Don't they realize? Rain, rain, too much rain.

Tend to your boats. Where are your boats? Where are you? Where are you? The river is rising. Watch for a flood! Water! Water, too much water! Are the people never satisfied? Human cattle straining under tarpaulin. Human kittens fearful of the "thunder" of the storm. They have it now. They can be satisfied! Rain, rain. That is what they wanted, rain. Get out the buckets. "It looks as though we'll have a little rain." Buckets, pans, pots, pails, glasses. People, all people, seeking contentment but—never satisfied. Rain, rain. Hurrah! Get out the buckets.

## On Getting Out to the Movies

WILLIAM FRYE, 12-1

The first problem which confronts an individual desirous of attending a motion picture is to enlist the consent of his parents. There are several essentials which must be mastered and practiced before the art of attaining this result can be acquired. Of course, circumstances must be favorable. If the time happens to be a Saturday, a minimum of persuasion is required; it will suffice that the picture be of the right sort and that the individual be supplied with the necessary cash. But there is a much greater problem if the time is a week-day night. Let us consider your individual problems. Firstly, it is best to choose a night when your powers of disputation are alert, for they will be fully engaged. It is also politic to choose a night when your parents are in a receptive state of mind, for if this requirement is overlooked, failure is almost certain. One excellent way to enhance your chances of success is to help with the housework and to refrain from quarreling with your younger brother or sister. In considering what arguments to employ, great care must be taken. If some remote connection with school work can be devised in the film, this is an excellent starter. If some teacher has recommended it, this is almost sufficient to win your battle for you. If not,

the excellence of the film must be established in some other way. Before this preliminary step is taken, perspicacious parents will undoubtedly have perceived your purpose. If they do not immediately and indignantly refuse, this can be taken as an excellent sign and an invitation to continue. Next assure them that your home work is quite finished, and that nothing further could be done if you did stay home. This is a difficult achievement, especially if you wish to go out at seven o'clock and you usually study until half-past ten. However, if you succeed, proceed knowing that half your battle is won. Then state, and attempt to prove, that you will not be in bed any later than usual, pointing out that you are magnanimously intending to take in the early show. Be careful not to call attention to the discrepancy in your reasoning, namely, that ordinarily you could spend the time on home work, but to-night, opportunely, you need not do so. Having presented these arguments and refuted any which damage your cause, attempt to wrest immediate acquiescence from the objects of your persuasion, for they may change their minds if you wait. May your efforts be attended by complete success!



## Backstage Life

Probably many of you saw "Mississippi" while it was playing at the Metropolitan Theatre recently. One of our own graduates, Connie Josselyn, who took part in the stage show with that picture writes interestingly about backstage life.

"Of the theatres I have been to the Metropolitan has, I think, one of the best backstages. It is so clean and comfortable that it is a pleasure to go there. The doorman, whom we call 'Pop,' is the first to greet one. Just try to get by him without an admittance card, for the Metropolitan is very strict about having anyone but the players backstage. After going down a flight of stairs, we come to a long corridor which has a maze of smaller corridors branching out on both sides making it an easy place to get lost in.

"The dressing rooms which line the sides of these corridors are of the usual type. They contain tables and mirrors which have bright lights around them, long benches in front of the table, and in some dressing rooms couches. The stars of the show have rooms by themselves, but the ballet and singing ensemble have one large room.

"During 'Mississippi' we had five shows a day. The stage show consisted of a Southern scene to go with the picture. Our costumes

consisted of large hoop skirts, wide brimmed hats, pantalettes, and jackets; all made of taffeta, lace, and silk. The songs we sang in the show were 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River,' 'Down By the River,' and 'Roll Mississippi'; all selections from the picture.

"Many people wonder how rehearsals are managed when there is so little time. The famous Elida Ballet have to start a new show each week on Friday. They therefore begin their rehearsing on the Sunday or Monday before and keep on during the whole week until they have their routine perfect.

"Between the acts there are various ways of occupying the time. Some go shopping, many read, and still others play cards. At lunch-time we can either go out of the theatre to eat or order our lunch in the theatre.

"Many people think that stage people lead an easy life, but this idea is entirely wrong. Stage folk live a hard life, for they work every day in the week, at all hours, putting on at least four shows a day, and having no holidays. Yet they are some of the most interesting and friendly people I have ever met. Stars and chorus alike mingle together. So, prepare to meet some of the most real people there are if you should ever come behind the scenes."

## Office Life

Now we hear from one of the working world. Anna Strang who is working for the John Hancock Life Insurance Company in Boston, tells how it feels to become a part of the army of workers.

"One of the hardest things about working is getting up early, even earlier than I had to when going to school. Before getting my job I was obliged to go into the employment bureau of the John Hancock many times. The first day is the hardest and I certainly did some shaking in my boots wondering whether I would do my work well. After having been introduced to the superintendent of my department, I was escorted to the division I was to be in. My first impression of the building was the many corridors, some of them only to be used by certain people, the numerous elevators, each one leading to one special place, and the lack of signs so that I had no idea where to go and what to do.

"The room I work in contains fifty desks. The staff for this division consists of a manager, his assistant, and a superintendent and her assistant. The superintendent was the one who showed me to my desk which had a type-

writer and supplies on it. After having explained the work, she watched me for a while and then went back to her desk at the front of the room, leaving me to do my work alone. We are all expected to be accurate, but the work is not hard if one pays attention. The division I am in is only one of the many divisions of the company. I type and check policies.

"A habit that I have not grown out of, even after five months of work, is that of looking at the clock, waiting for lunch time. For lunch we are allowed fifty minutes. Working hours in the winter are from nine to four and until twelve on Saturday, while in the spring and summer we work from nine until half-past four and have Saturday off, besides a two weeks' vacation.

"The girls I work with are about the same age as I, and come from all parts of the state. It is a pleasure to know them, for they are all friendly and helpful in explaining anything to one who is new. All in all, I am glad to be working, and words can't express how great it feels to be independent and earning my own money."

## On Making Introductions

FRANCES CURTIS, 12-5

I absolutely do not believe in making introductions. It's a waste of time and energy as well as a means of tiring everyone out. When you see two friends approaching, who are total strangers to each other, you groan aloud and then grit your teeth and wonder who ever invented such a nightmare.

Why not just let the people concerned get acquainted to the best of their ability? If you still feel hampered by conventionality, simply mention their names and let the matter rest at that. Why all this fuss and bother about certain formalities? Some of the best friendships in the world were formed without any such ceremony.

Take, for example, the Westerners. Where could one find a more congenial, friendly type of people than they? They meet strangers all the time and never are annoyed by such a troublesome practice. And don't we all agree that the Westerners are the most interesting people in this country?

In this day and age of unconventionality, it seems the most logical and natural thing in the world to be informal. It is indeed exasperating to see someone standing across the room who looks like the kind of person you would

like to meet, and then have to scout around to find someone to introduce you. Think of the time wasted when you might be enjoying that person's company! Then too, by doing away with this formal so-called social necessity, you can escape from those certain women chaperones (you all know the type that I mean) who make life miserable by chiding you upon the follies of youth, and telling you about their first operation, as you stand listening patiently, while your stomach is burning with the flames of hunger. What could be more welcome than informality to the sufferer of a torment such as this?

Likewise, there is the other side of it—that of the introducer. When you perceive that an introduction must be made, your heart has the happy faculty of losing itself somewhere down in the vicinity of your shoes. Your mind is a confused thoroughfare, while your thoughts, like vehicles, tear madly around, as you try to remember the names of the individuals, and last but not least, the rules of etiquette. Rules, conventionalities, how they haunt you!

Anyone who has been the victim of this ghost (I am sure that not one of you has escaped) can understand the sensation, and so I say, "Away with the making of introductions!"

## Bus Buzz

By THE BUZZER

When you let your eyes dance to and fro on this column you will find the sum of all that I could gather from rumor. According to my way of thinking, there should be no secrets in this life of ours so I reveal what I know—feeling sorry for those who trusted me—and you may add.

I don't know what "Bob" Sawyer's intentions were, but I do know that a pretty Milton girl was 22 feet from the take-off board and "Bob" uttered an "Oh hang" when he could only jump 21 feet.

Don't let Warren Delaney fool you, Nancy,—he doesn't just hold a score board at the track meets. Then again, don't think he isn't true.

Subject matter for bus revival meetings is "Herb" Tonry's quick returns from practice on Operetta nights, so he can play a second story man and all because of Erma W.

I find "Bill" Morrison to be a revealing soul—yes "Bill" spends his time trying to think what he'll do next and his heart always tells him to go to C—— St. and see "Teddy" F. which he does and he says he hopes to do for a long time to come.

"Al" Edson is found to be quite a man as he secured two complete histories of two nice Milton girls and promised to keep their doorbells and telephones ringing. Now we can see just what a class president does when he's away.

Charlie Gerry had a way with the girls until he developed into a good ball player. Then he had to play and had no more time to sit on the bench with them. He even ate all their candy for them—oh well, maybe that's what he was after.





### BASEBALL

FIRST ROW (Left to Right): Nicholas Rucky, James Fay, Ralph McLeod, Albert Edson, William Dunn, Salvatore di-Carlo, Walter Broydrick, Robert Workman, Richard Pickett.

SECOND ROW (Left to Right): Donald Frazier, Frank McNiece, Maynard Smith, Robert Walsh, Coach Laroy Rogers, Charles King, Charles Gerry, William Cavanaugh, Fred Doherty.

THIRD ROW: (Left to Right): David Stevens, Kenneth Fallon, George Crowdis, Charles McCaulay.

### TRACK

FIRST ROW (Left to Right): George Hampton, Frank Orcutt, Wilfred Bettoney, Robert Sawyer, Captain Henry Wirth, Richard Sawyer, John Hyland, George Hutt, Frank Gilday, Harold Champeau.

SECOND ROW (Left to Right): A. D. West, Coach; Frederick Todd, Ralph Richardson, Stanley Beecher, John Garden, Albert Johnson, Herbert Tonry, Russell Williams, Robert Norton, Kenneth Harding, William Chisholm, Robert Navin.

THIRD ROW (Left to Right): Robert Gardiner, Douglas Vedoe, William Morrison, Peter Zoia, Scott Smeaton, Gordon Gray, Charles Smith, Alfred Jago, Merrill Abbott, Robert Weden.

FOURTH ROW (Left to Right): Edwin Peterson, Assistant Manager; Wilfred Cordeiro, Frederic Little, Arthur Trott, Robert Smith, Howard Spurr, George Moody, Warren Delaney, Manager; Francis Carey, Assistant Manager.

FIFTH ROW (Left to Right): Calvin Josselyn, Joseph Nolan, Howard Abbott.



## Baseball

The scorekeepers had a 7-3 written on their books when the Rogers' coached baseball squad had finished their first game of the season at Taunton on the short end. "Al" Edson was the first man to represent North on the mound and gave a good experienced Taunton outfit something to be baffled over until he was relieved by "Don" Frazer. "Mutt" Mathurin's triple encouraged our boys, but not for long, as they went into a rut during the last half of the game and their errors spelled their doom.

Defeat only served as a remedy for the Northern nine's slump, for they entered the Waltham game full of spirit and determination and thus the 4-1 score in their favor. "Don" Frazer's excellent pitching lasted a complete nine innings as he allowed only five hits, and during the fourth inning with a man on second and third and no men out, he held them. McLeod opened a rally in the eighth, when the score was one all, which resulted in three more runs for North.

Traveling to Weymouth, the Northern clan

defeated the maroon and gold 7-4 in a none too exciting game. Weymouth took early advantage of North's slow rounding into shape and drove three runs across the plate, but the Northerner's numerous squeeze plays and bunts during the fifth inning completely baffled them and enabled our boys to return the winners. Cavanagh turned in a good performance as he struck out eleven, passed three, and allowed few hits. Ralph McLeod again started the rally that proved so fatal to Weymouth's record.

To redeem themselves after three losses, North defeated their former conquerors, Milton, with a 6-4 score in spite of nine errors. "Don" Frazer can be commended for his excellent pitching in the pinches as he allowed but four hits.

The games thus far, regardless of a win or a loss, have contained the characteristic good sportsmanship and co-operation that the boys have received by being in contact with Mr. Rogers.

## -:- Track -:-

The Northern cinder plodders opened the season by running themselves into the better half of a 48-29 score at Weymouth. The West coached outfit, although not now all regularly running in the events they did at Weymouth, showed real material. Running on a heavy track, Captain Wirth led the boys to a win as he contributed two blue ribbons, one for the mile and one for the half, with "Pete" Bettoney a close second in either event.

Encouraged by one victory the "Raiders," on the following Thursday, issued from a cold field house, and despite damp weather and numb feet, chalked up a second overwhelming victory by defeating Milton 58-19. North claimed at least two places in every event, capturing seven firsts, four seconds, six thirds and the brilliantly run relay. "Bob" Sawyer was high scorer of the meet with a first in the 100, 220, and broad jump while Henry Wirth easily broke the tape in the mile and half mile. The "also ran" group, which are by no means to be forgotten and who turned in some very satisfying performances were John Hyland placing first in the 440 with the good time of 55.2 considering the track; Chisholm in the 100 yard

dash, "Pete" Bettoney repeating the same kind of running he did in the initial tilt and "Ken" Harding putting the shot 41 feet.

Moving on to Needham a none too confident Northern clan, with a coach-injected sear of defeat, completely spelled their opponent's doom by allowing her only 18 points after taking 54 themselves. "Bob" Sawyer, Hyland, Bettoney, Chisholm, Hampton, Tonry, and Beeher all turned in good performances helping to humble Needham. Again "Al" Johnson western rolled over the bar at 6' 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ " to break his previous set school record which is inches over his own height.

Advancing to Waltham, North captured their fourth successive victory with a score of 46  $\frac{2}{3}$ -30  $\frac{1}{3}$ . With every event a needed victory the boys turned in real fine performances with the mile and half mile taken by Captain Wirth. George Hampton high jumped into first place, and the remaining events of the meet were merely a repetition of preceding meets as Hutt, Sawyer, Bettoney, and Chisholm placed well. We commend Coach West for his work in turning out such a unit—it is a reflection of his spirit and character.





### GOLF

FIRST ROW (Left to Right): Robert Adams, Rodney Dunbar, Kenneth Cody, Ralph Bevans, Allan Power.

SECOND ROW (Left to Right): Leon Dunbar, Kenneth Allard, Albert Nelson, Coach John Donahue.

Golf, under the able coaching of Mr. Donahue and played as it is by young champions, has enabled North to claim another brilliant team as hers. To date the "Raiders" golfers, led by Captain "Ken" Cody, have won six matches out of six played. The initial match was played on a poor course in Brockton where the boys traveled, playing out of their league. Entering as the underdog was not in the least discouraging and finishing victorious with a score of  $6\frac{1}{2}$ - $21\frac{1}{2}$  was most encouraging to our team. Powers and Adams captured 3 points. Allard and Dunbar playing the keystone position pick up an unexpected  $11\frac{1}{2}$  points, as Cody and Bevans contributed  $2\frac{1}{2}$ .

With a brighter outlook to future meets, the Northern golfers met the Needham stick handlers and defeated them with the score of 9-0. The pairs that represented North in the Brockton match repeated fine performances gaining three points each.

A third blue ribbon was gained by the golfers when they ably defeated the '34 Norfolk County champs  $5\frac{1}{2}$ - $3\frac{1}{2}$ . Going out, they netted nothing but suspense and Adams saved the day with a "birdie" on the last green. Captain Cody and Ralph Bevans gained three points as Arlie Powers and Adams added 2 and "Ken" Allard and Rodney Dunbar contributed the other  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The fourth contest was an overwhelming victory for the Northern golfers as they outplayed Norwood  $8\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$ . Arlie Powers, again paired with Adams, took three points with the Dunbar brothers taking the same, and Cody with Bevans taking  $2\frac{1}{2}$ .

Matches five and six with Needham and Canton, respectively, favored the Donahue coached boys with  $7\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$  scores. Entering each match with no overconfident attitude, the boys played well and contributed points in this order: Cody and Bevans, three for the Needham match and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  for the Canton tilt, while Powers and Adams reversed the order of these points. Dunbar and Nelson collected two points at Needham. Allard, replacing Nelson at Canton, picked up two more points. Credit is given to Ralph Bevans for his brilliant putt at Canton.

Leading the league, as this goes to press, the boys have showed their knowledge of golf and have been scoring in the high seventies and low eighties—good scores for any high school golfers, and as each pair has taken the decision in every meet, there is no one in the Norfolk league that is doing better.

### CORRECTION

"The Manet" Staff announces that the story attributed to William Conchi, of the 8th grade, in the last issue was not written by him.

### With the Girls

Drag up a chair, my dear, and pick up your knitting. Did you hear, or couldn't you help it, that the North Girls' Basketball Team took the Alumnae for a ride? The game was full of excitement from the very first. The score saw-sawed back and forth with neither side giving way to the other. The "old girls" in the Alumnae just couldn't seem to take it from this "younger generation." Ah me!

The girls in the Alumnae put up a good fight and Rita Darling playing center certainly showed us some dust. Betty Donna and "Nat" Archer kept us in suspenders about what move they were going to make next.

Working together with the perfection of a machine, Anna Cashman and Mary Pratt passed North's team to victory. At center was "Dot" Oberg who was ably supported by Thora Soderburg. Somehow or other those girls did manage to keep their signals straight, even though the Alumnae seemed to catch on surprisingly quickly. How about it Dot? Virginia Black, Elsie Young, and "Nat" Butler certainly had the Alumnae gnashing their teeth. If you want to see some good guarding, go and see the three of them in action. The score was North 42, Alumnae 23.

## Calling on Calloway

Interviewed by REGINALD LEITH and JAMES SHEPHERD

Informally attired in black and gray checked trousers, white sweat shirt and black oxfords, Cab Calloway, the cause of North's low attendance record during one week every year, greeted us with a genial "How do you do, boys," in exactly the tone in which he sings out his famous "Hi de Ho!"

"What's your school, fellows? What activities do you engage in? What's your music department like?" Whew! Who was doing the interviewing? Realizing that time was short we edged in a few questions and diverted dark-town's disciple into different conversational channels.

Born in Baltimore, Maryland, a lover of music from childhood, he detected rhythm in train wheels, factory whistles, and the noise of a busy city. The spirit of his youthful musings is apparent in his sometimes savage, sometimes soothing, always stirring syncopation. Pathos and irony are contained in Cab Calloway's colorful existence. Applying in a colossal colored theater in Chicago for a job as Master

of Ceremonies and even begging to work without pay, he was rejected. Although enough to break an ordinary man, it served only to urge Calloway on. Two years later, his name in big lights, he was headlining the show.

Basketball, baseball, tennis, handball, and swimming vary the monotony of strenuous rehearsals. Calloway realizes that his men must be in splendid physical condition to produce the rhythm demanded by patrons of his Cotton Club.

Having toured Europe and entertained the Prince of Wales and lesser peers, he still insists in devoting three months of his time to the New York Cotton Club. Cab also likes Boston. Why not, lots of Bostonians like Boston.

Just as we were really hitting our repertorial stride, a page stuck his head in the door and yelled, "First call, Mr. Calloway!" Taking his announcement as our cue, we departed, first, however, eagerly accepting two autographed photographs of "The Rajah of Rhythm."

## The Art of Be-Fleaing a Dog

ALICE KNIGHT, 12-5

After the dog gives himself a final shake, you arm yourself with your sister's eyebrow tweezers and commence to slaughter the fleas. Pick them off one by one with the tweezers and then press them between your thumb nails until they snap. Then place the remains in a jar or tin of water near-by so you can count them if you so desire.

To keep the dog in a good humor you must start behind his ears, because the water collects there and he is most uncomfortable. If his tail curls up on his back, you will find a family of fleas and usually all their relations located in this vicinity. It has been advised not

to disturb the dog's tail because he will generally make one leap out of the tub, and when you glance at the messy room, all you can say is, "God is love." On his chest, back and practically everywhere you chance to look will be found the skin-itching parasites.

A word of warning! You must be very careful not to allow the pestiferous insects to live because you will be horrified to find them on your person the next morning. You will not have to look into the mirror to see where they are either, because the particular biting effect, an individual charm of the flea, will quickly make you aware of the vicinity in which they are located.

Little Milton came home from Sunday School with a mite-box.

"Why do they call it a mite-box, mother?" he inquired.

"Because," chirped in his brother, "you might put something in it and you might not."

—Boston Transcript.

Small Boy (bragging): "My daddy is traffic commissioner, and when he drives his car he doesn't have to pay any attention to traffic rules."

His Friend: "That's nothing. My father is a truck driver."  
—Chelsea Record.



## A FEW WORDS FROM THE PRINCIPAL

I would like to correct an impression that exists in the minds of many High School students. A large number of them come to me, or call me on the telephone, and say, "Can I go to Bryant & Stratton even though I took the college preparatory course?"

Certainly! As a matter of fact, in cases where it is financially possible to take courses after High School, it is advisable to take a general or college preparatory course. It gives you a better education, a better background, and you are better able to take post-graduate courses. Later I will tell you more about the possibilities of the combination of a college education and a business training.

As a matter of history, Bryant & Stratton Commercial School is starting its 70th year. Ever since its beginning it has concentrated on purely business subjects — no frills, no superfluous subjects. During that time it has set the pace in many of the phases of business training, and today we combine our 70 years of experience with our modern methods of instruction, to make Bryant & Stratton graduates more in demand than any other school of its kind.

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"I ought to have. I cooked for a camping party last Summer." —Boy's Life.

"Where have you been for the last four years?"

"At college taking medicine."

"And did you finally get well?"

—Montreal Gazette.

Passerby (to darky painting a fence): "I say, why don't you get a wider brush? You could do twice as much work."

Darky: "'Cause ah ain't got twice as much work to do, das why." —Toronto Globe.

First Mother: "Are you bothered much by your children telling fibs?"

Second Mother: "Not so much as by their telling the truth at very inappropriate times."

—Answers.

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